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15

POEMS,

BY

MARY LEADBEATER,

(LATE SHACKLETON.)

POEMS,

BY

MARY LEADBEATER,

(LATE SHACKLETON)

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

HER TRANSLATION

OF THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEID;

WITH THE LATIN ORIGINAL,

WRITTEN IN THE

FIFTEENTH CENTURY,

BY MAFFÆUS.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND PUBLISHED BY MARTIN KEENE,
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AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES AND ORME,
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1808.

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COLLES, Printer,
COPE-STREET.

TO

THOMAS BELL, M. D.

WHEN from Edina's classick seat
Thou came, thy tasks of youth complete,
Prepar'd to tread the path to Fame,
Prepar'd to win a worthy name;
The wreath of Science bound thy brow,
Thy bosom felt the honest glow.
Then, to each genuine feeling just,
Thy tutor, faithful to his trust,
Thy young ingenuous heart approv'd,
And wish'd to honour whom it lov'd:
Thou sought him in his calm retreat,
And laid thy laurels at his feet,
Then did those aged eyes impart
The pleasure of that conscious heart;
That prescient heart, and eye sedate,
Foretold and bless'd thy future fate.
But now, alas, that eye is clos'd,
That heart with kindred dust repos'd:

Yet thou, who knew the spotless truth
Of him who form'd thy tender youth,——
Who knew that in his guiltless breast
The noblest virtues love'd to rest;
Thou wilt not turn thine ear away,
Neglectful of his daughter's lay,
Who, by this untried scene dismay'd,
To thee, her patron, looks for aid.

M. L.

TO R. S.

THE LITERAL TRANSLATOR.

DEAR offspring of a brother lov'd,
Who, while he form'd thy mind
To ev'ry deed by Truth approv'd,
The native taste refin'd!

For me, untaught in learned lore,
Maffæus sung in vain;
Nor could my anxious wish explore
The Latian poet's strain.

Thou broke the seal:—the glowing lays
With raptur'd eyes I view:
My grateful Muse the tribute pays,——
The tribute is thy due.

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MAFFÆUS VEGIO, a Latin poet, born at Lodi, in LOMBARDY, *in* 1407, *who wrote several pieces in verse and prose, and was highly admired in his time, was the author of a Supplement to* VIRGIL, *which he called the "* THIRTEENTH BOOK *of the* ÆNEID."

JULIUS SCALIGER and GERARD VOSCIUS have declared him a great poet.

ÆNEIDOS

LIBER XIII.

Morte Turni Latini exanimantur.

TURNUS ut extremo devictus Marte profudit*
Effugientem animam; medioque sub agmine victor,
Magnanimus stetit Æneas, Mavortius heros;
Obstupuere omnes, gemitumque dedere Latini,
Et durum ex alto removentes corde dolorem,
Concussis cecidere animis, ceu frondibus ingens
Sylva dolet lapsis boreali impulsa tumultu.

* *Æ.* 12. *l. ult.*

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEID.

The Latians are dismayed by the death of Turnus.

WHEN now had ceas'd the long-continued fight,
And Turnus, crush'd beneath superior might,
Pour'd forth his flying soul and dearest blood;
And 'midst the army now victorious stood
The dauntless chief, Æneas, mighty name,
So long distinguish'd in the fields of fame;
Amaz'd, distress'd, the drooping Latians groan,
And in the bosom's deep recesses moan:
They sink exhausted. Thus the graceful shade,
When of its verdant foliage disarray'd,
Mourns its lost leaves, which the rude North has torn,
And wild on whirling blasts regardless born.

Latini sese Æneæ subdunt.

Tum tela infigunt terræ, & mucronibus hærent;
Scutaque deponunt humeris, & prœlia damnant;
Insanumque horrent optati Martis amorem,
Nec frenum nunc colla pati captiva recusant,
Et veniam orare, & requiem finemque malorum.

Sicut acerba duo quando in certamina tauri
Concurrunt, largo miscentes sanguine pugnam;
Cuique suum pecus inclinat: sin cesserit uni
Palma duci, mox quæ victo pecora ante favebant
Nunc sese imperio subdunt victoris, & ultro
Quanquam animum dolor altus habet, parere fatentur.
Non aliter Rutuli, licet ingens mœror adhausit
Pectora pulsa metu cæsi ducis, inclyta malunt
Arma sequi, & Phygium Ænean fœdusque precari
Pacis, & æternam rebus belloque quietem.
Tunc Turnum super assistens placido ore profatur

The Latians submit to Æneas.

The quivering weapons' points in earth are plac'd,
And from their shoulders the broad shields unbrac'd;
Whilst on their swords the drooping warriors lean,
Who late in eager transport sought the plain;
They curse the rage of battles, and abhor
The frantick wish which urg'd them on to war.
Now to the yoke their subject necks they bend,
And pray that here the savage strife may end
Of war destructive, and her cruel train,
And meek-eyed Peace commence her lasting reign.
As when two bulls in furious fight engage,
And streams of blood bespeak their deadly rage,
Each by his followers prompted still to dare
The toils and perils of the doubtful war;
Yet to the lordly victor of the field
The adverse herds, howe'er reluctant, yield:
Thus the Rutulians yield, thus forc'd obey
The Phrygian hero's power, and own his sway;
The league of peace implore him to renew,
And rest from war all suppliant now they sue.
Beside his rival's corse the mighty man,
The great Æneas, thus compos'd began:

Æneas ad Latinos concionatur.

Æneas: Quæ tanta animo dementia crevit
Ut Teucros, superûm monitis summoque tonantis
Imperio huc vectos, patereris, Daunia proles,
Italiâ, & pactis nequicquam expellere tectis?
Disce Jovem revereri, & jussa facessere Divûm.
Magnum etiam capit ira Jovem; memoresque malorum
Sollicitat vindicta deos. En ultima tanti
Meta furoris adest, quo, contra jura fidemque,
Iliacam rupto turbâsti fœdere gentem.
Ecce suprema dies, aliis exempla sub ævum
Venturum missura, Jovem ne temnere frustra
Fas sit, & indignos bellorum accendere motus.
Nunc armis lætare tuis: heu, nobile corpus,
Turne jaces! At non tibi erit Lavinia parvo
Nec dextrâ tamen Æneæ cecidisse pudebit.
Nunc, Rutuli, hinc auferte ducem vestrum, arma virumque

Æneas harangues the Latians.

" Whence sprung this madness, Turnus, in thy mind,
T' oppose the fate the ruling Gods design'd;
T' expel the Trojans from the destin'd land,
Their dwelling fix'd by Jove's supreme command?
Learn, mortals, learn how vain your efforts prove,
And bow in rev'rence to the will of Jove.
The Gods incens'd beheld your hosts contend,
And Justice' holy bands in sunder rend.
The broken league and violated laws
The Gods beheld; the Gods espous'd our cause!
To future ages be this day a sign,
And let none dare contemn the pow'rs divine,
Nor rashly kindle war with all its woes,
For vengeance surely waits to punish those.
Now, Turnus, now, thy thirst of blood is o'er,
The pride of arms shall glad thy heart no more.
Ah me! thy noble form in silence lies,
For ever lost to thee the beauteous prize;
Yet shall thy spirit not disdain to own
'Twas by my hand thou fell, and mine alone.
Advance, Rutulians, take the sad relief,
To bear the body of your breathless chief,

Æneas ad Latinos concionatur.

Largior, atque omnem deflendæ mortis honorem.
*Sed quæ Pallantis fuerant ingentia balthei
Pondera transmittam Evandro, ut solatia cæso
Haud levia hoste ferat, Turnoque exultet adempto.
Vos memores tamen, Ausonii, melioribus uti
Discite bellorum auspiciis. Ego sidera juro,
Nunquam acies, nunquam arma libens in prælia movi,
Sed vestris actus furiis defendere toto
Optavi (& licuit) Trojanas robore partes.
Nec fatus plura Æneas se lætus ad altos
Vertebat muros, & Troïa tecta petebat:
Una ipsa Teucrorum omnis conversa juventus
Exultans sequitur, volucresque per arva pedum vi
Quadrupedes citat incusans acriore Latinos,
Ignavosque vocans: strepit altus plausibus æther.
Et, quamvis inhumata rogis dare corpora surgat
Ingens cura animo, sociosque imponere flammis,

* *Æ.* 10. 496.

Æneas harangues the Latians.

His arms I yield, and to his gallant shade
Be ev'ry funeral honour freely paid.
But the rich belt, which once my Pallas wore,
To sad Evander's sight I must restore;
So shall his aged heart some solace gain,
Thus shall he triumph over Turnus slain.
Taught by the past, Ausonians, cease to rage,
And future wars with better omens wage.
For me, I swear by the bright lamps of night
That with reluctance I engag'd in fight,
But, by your fury urg'd, my Trojan train
I hasten'd to defend, nor fought in vain!"
Here ceas'd the chief, and with elated mind
To gain the Trojan tents his steps inclin'd:
His steps the sprightly youth of Troy attend,
And spur their steeds, and with applauses rend
The echoing air, resounding far and wide,
Whilst scorn and taunts the Latian bands deride.
But great Æneas, though his mighty mind,
With pity mov'd, the flaming piles design'd,
And all the honours sacred to the dead,
Who on the fighting field indignant bled,—

Sacrificia actioque gratiarum.

Majus opus tamen Æneas sub pectore volvens
Primum aris meritos superûm mandabat honores.
Tum pingues patrio jugulant ex more juvencos,
Immittuntque sues, niveasque in templa bidentes
Purpuream effuso pulsantes sanguine terram:
Viscera diripiunt, & cæsim in frusta trucidant
Denudantque gregem, & flammis verubusque remittunt.
Tum vina effundunt pateris & dona Lyæi
Accumulant; plenis venerantur lancibus aras;
Thura ignes adolent; onerata altaria fumant.
Tum plausus per tecta movent, magnumque tonantem
Extollunt, Veneremque, & te, Saturnia Juno,
Jam placidam; & meliorem ingenti laude fatentur,
Mavortemque ipsum: tum cætera turba deorum
In medium effertur, summis cum vocibus altos
Perlata ad cœlos. Ante omnes gratior unus
Æneas duplices mittebat ad Æthera palmas,
Et puerum pauca ore dabat complexus Iülum:

Sacrifices and thanksgiving.

Yet greater thoughts suspend these gen'rous cares,
The off'rings due of sacrifice and prayers,
Vow'd to the Gods, the pious prince prepares.
With Trojan rites the victims forth they lead;
The swine, the snow-white sheep, the heifers bleed;
With spatter'd gore the temples' floors are dy'd;
The flesh and bowels ready hands divide;
The flames, enrich'd with morsels, bright ascend,
And groaning spits beneath their burden bend.
With Bacchus' sparkling gifts the cups are crown'd,
And altars, breathing incense, blaze around,
With peals of joy the temples' roofs resound:
While ev'ry lip extols the thund'ring Jove,
The God of battles, and the Queen of love,
And thee, Saturnian Juno, now resign'd
The deadly hatred of thy lofty mind:
With praises loud thy kindness is confest,
And all the heav'nly pow'rs with thanks addrest.
But from the crowd the Trojan chief retir'd,
No witness to his vows his soul desir'd,
Then folding to his heart his hope and joy,
The young Iülus, thus address'd the boy:

Æneas filium compellat.

Nate, in quo spes una patris, per tanta laborum
Quem variis actus fatis discrimina duxi,
Ecce inventa quies; ecce illa extrema malorum
Ærumnis factura modum acceptissima semper
Atque optata dies, quam, dura in bella vocatus,
Sæpe tibi diis auspicibus meminisse futuram
Jam memini: nunc te, cum primum Aurora rubebit
Crastina, sublimem Rutulorum ad mœnia mittam.
Dehinc se ad gentem Iliacam volvebat; & alto
Pectore verba trahens blando sic ore locutus:
O socii,— per dura ac densa pericula vecti,
Per tantos bellorum æstus, duplicesque furores
Armorum, per totque hyemes, per quicquid acerbum,
Horrendum, grave, triste, ingens: per quicquid iniquum
Infaustum & crudele foret,— convertite mentem
In melius: jam finis adest, hic meta malorum
Stabit, & optatâm Latiâ cum gente quietem
Jungemus: dabit inde mihi Lavinia conjux,

Æneas addresses his son.

" Iülus, thou, thy father's joy and pride,
Who with thy sire his toils and dangers tried,
Thy sire, so long by various fortunes tost,
His projects baffled, and his wishes crost,
Behold the day of rest arriv'd at last,
The welcome hour which crowns our labours past.
This was the day I know was long foretold,
The Gods approving, we should yet behold.
Thee in full state to morrow I intend,
To the Rutulian walls, my son, to send."
Then thus his troops the conqu'ring prince addrest,
Smiles on his lips and rapture in his breast:
" Companions,— who my fates undaunted bore,
Now tost on seas, now harass'd on the shore,
Now by the raging strife of arms enclos'd,
And now to winter's deadly cold expos'd,
By danger, grief and toil so often worn,
My vet'rans brave,— to happier prospects turn;
For here our lengthen'd labours all shall cease,
Now shall we hail the long-desired peace:
Mix'd with the Latian line, the precious band
That joins us shall be fair Lavinia's hand:

Æneas Trojanos compellat.

Bello acri defensa, Italo cum sanguine mixtam
Trojanam transferre æterna in secula gentem.
Unum oro, socii, Ausonios communiter æquo
Ferte animo, & vosmet socero observate Latino;
Sceptrum idem sublime geret. Sententia mentem
Hæc habet: at bello vos & præstantibus armis
Discite me, & pietate sequi; quæ gloria nobis
Cesserit in promptu est: sed (cœlum & sidera testor)
Qui vos tantorum eripui de clade malorum,
Idem ego sub majora potens vos præmia ducam.
Talibus orabat: variosque in pectore casus
Præteritos volvens, partamque labore quietem
Haud parvo, nimium ardenti exundabat amore
In Teucros, gravibus tandem evasisse periclis
Exultans: velut exiguis cum ex æthere gyrans

Æneas addresses his Troops.

Then shall the Trojan and Italian blood
Through unborn ages roll a mingled flood.
Companions brave, now let th'Ausonians prove
With you the compact of fraternal love:
Latinus, venerable prince, obey,
Be his the regal pow'r and sov'reign sway.
This I resolve: but in the fields of fame,
To lead you still to deeds of arms I claim.
And, as before the righteous Gods I bend,
So may your pious prayers to heav'n ascend:
The glory which my better fortunes yield,
Now to admiring nations is reveal'd;
Yet witness heav'n, and ev'ry lucid star,
That I, who snatch'd you from the wreck of war,
My Trojans, I will lead you on to fame,
Still worthier of your deeds, and of your name."
Thus whilst he spoke, within his mind arose
The thoughts of present peace and former woes,
And with full tides his swelling heart o'erflows.
With ardent eyes his much-lov'd band he view'd,
And hail'd their safety from the field of blood.

Æneæ Lætitiæ.

Incubuit pullis, & magno turbine milvus
Insiliens avido ore furit, stragemque minatur:
Tum cristata ales, perculso pectore, mater
Consurgit misero natorum exterrita casu,
Rostrum acuit, totisque petit conatibus hostem,
Et multâ expulsum vi tandem cedere cogit;
Dehinc perturbatos crocitans exquirit, & omnes
Attonitos cogit pro charis anxia natis,
Et tanto ereptos gaudet superesse periclo:
Non secus Anchisâ genitus mulcebat amicis
Trojanos dictis, antiquum corde timorem
Flagrantesque agitans curas, & gaudia longis
Tandem parta malis; & quæ perferre molestum
Ante fuit meminisse juvat. Verum altior idem
Ingenti & clarâ Æneas supereminet omnes
Virtute excellens, & pro tot numina donis
Exorat, summisque Jovem cum laudibus effert.

Joyful speech of Æneas.

So when the kite rapacious cleaves the sky.
With wheeling flight, descending from on high,
Where from the parent her the clamping brood
Seek the warm shelter, and receive the food;
With sharpen'd beak, and wide-extended claw,
The foe prepares to give his greedy maw:
The mother, all alarm'd, thus rears her crest,
And beats with flutt'ring wings her ample breast,
Strong in the cause of nature, meets the foe,
And guards her offspring from th'impending woe.
Renews her efforts, calls forth all her might,
And the invader puts at length to flight;
Then cackling loud, relieves her frighted train,
And joys to spread her flutt'ring wings again.
Anchises' son, thus careful, and thus kind,
With soothing accents charm'd each warrior's mind;
From his light heart the scenes of suffering fly,
Or but remember'd to increase his joy.
Foremost in deeds of arms, with pious love
The foremost he to hail the pow'rs above,
And render highest praise to mighty Jove.

Latinorum & Rutulorum afflictio.

Interea Rutuli magnum & miserabile funus
Exanimumque ducem tulerant sub tecta frequentes,
Correpti mœrore animos, largumque pluentes
Imbrem oculis, & jam lato clamore Latinum
Defessum, & varios agitantem pectore casus
Complerant: qui postquam altos crebrescere questus,
* Et Turnum ingenti confossum vulnere vidit,
Haud tenuit lachrymas; dehinc mœstum lenit agmen,
Corripuit manibus verbisque silentia ponens.
Ceu spumantis apri quando per viscera dentes
Fulmineos canis excepit præstantior omni
Ex numero; tunc infausto perterrita casu
Cætera turba fugit latratum, atque ore magistrum
Circumstans querulo pavitat, magnoque ululatu
Infremit, ac commota manu dominique jubentis
Ore silet, gemitumque premit, seseque coercet:
Haud aliter Rutuli suppressâ voce quierunt.
Tunc sic illachrymans rex alto corde Latinus

* *Æ.* 12. 950.

Distress of Latinus and the Rutulians.

Meantime the sad Rutulians, pierc'd with grief,
With streaming tears lament their breathless chief:
The lifeless corse is slowly born along,
The corse surrounded by a mourning throng.
And now the gath'ring sounds approaching near,
The plaintive clamours smite Latinus' ear;
Pensive he sat, with anxious cares opprest,
Revolving various chances in his breast.
And now he hears the cause of all their wo,
That Turnus, crush'd beneath a mighty blow,
Now breathes no more; his bosom heaves with sighs,
And tears fast streaming dim his aged eyes.
Gently he wav'd his hand, their grief restrain'd,
And silence through the mournful army reign'd.
As when the foaming boar his life defends,
And with fell fangs the pack's bold leader rends,
Aloof his fellows gaze with sad surprise,
And round their master utter fearful cries;
Till, aw'd to silence by his threat'ning hand,
They cease complaining, and obsequious stand.
So the Rutulians stood with voice supprest,
Whilst thus the careful prince with heaving breast:

Latinus sese lamentatur.

Verba dabat: Quantos humana negotia motus
Alternasque vices miscent! quo turbine fertur
Vita hominum! O fragilis damnosa superbia sceptri!
O furor! O nimium dominandi innata cupido,
Mortales quo cæca vehis? quo gloria tantis
Inflatos transfers animos quæsita periclis?
Quot tecum insidias, quot mortes, quanta malorum
Magnorum tormenta geris? quot tela, quot enses
Ante oculos (si cernis) habes? heu dulce venenum,
Et mundi lethalis honos! heu tristia regni
Munera, quæ haud parvo constent; & grandia rerum
Pondera, quæ nunquam placidam promittere pacem,
Nec requiem conferre queant! heu sortis acerbæ
Et miseræ regale decus, magnoque timori
Supposítos regum casus pacique negatos!
Quid, Turne, ingenti Ausoniam movisse tumultu,
Et dura Æneadas turbasse in bella coactos?

Latinus laments his own situation.

" What changes on the lot of man await!
What toils, what tumults vex his transient state;
Whilst restless as the rapid whirlwind's strife,
Speeds the short circle of his busy life!
How oft, though mighty hands the sceptre guide,
How oft in ruin ends its tow'ring pride!
Desire of rule, and thirst of boundless sway
Have blindly led unthinking men astray:
O glory! through such mighty perils sought,
To what thy haughty vot'ries hast thou brought?
For in thy path innum'rous ills abound,
There snares and death in ev'ry form are found.
Envenom'd are thy sweets with deadly hate,
Too dearly purchas'd all thy glitt'ring state:
The cares of empire crush the weary mind,
And placid quiet is for these resign'd.
The sparkling circle on the regal brow
But marks the victim of superior wo:
Hard is the fate of kings, to tumults prone,
And wars & dangers shake th'unsteady throne.
Why, Turnus, hast thou caus'd these mighty harms?
Why fill'd Ausonia's land with wars alarms,
And mov'd the Trojans' martial band to arms?

Turni temeritatem Latinus lamentatur.

Quid juvat & violasse sacræ promissa quietis
Pignora? quæ tibi tanta animo impatientia venit?
Ut Martem cum gente deûm jussuque tonantis
Huc vectâ gereres, & nostris pellere tectis
Ultro instans velles, natæque abrumpere fœdus
Pollicitæ genero Æneæ, & me bella negante
Dura movere manu? quæ tanta insania mentem
Implicuit? quoties te in sævi Martis euntem
Agmina, sublimemque in equo & radiantibus armis
Tentavi revocare, & iter suspendere cœptum
Corripui, & pavitans cedentem in limine frustra?
Inde ego quanta tuli? testantur mœnia tectis
Semirutis magnique albentes ossibus agri,
Et Latium toto vacuatum robore, & ingens
Exitium, fluviique humanâ cæde rubentes,

Latinus laments the rashness of Turnus.

What boots it to have rent the sacred ties
Of compact made before th'attesting skies?
Why did thy spirit with impatience rage,
And headlong thus the deadly combat wage
Against those chiefs, a heav'n-descended band,
Who sought these shores by mighty Jove's command?
My faith I plighted, and my daughter's love,
Yet with what madness did thy fury move!
In vain I reason'd, I forbade in vain,
Thou spreadst the waste of slaugther oe'r the plain.
Whilst thou thy fiery steed exulting prest,
Sublime in radiant arms and tow'ring crest,
Seeking with fearless soul the scene of blood,
Where cruel Mars in direful triumph rode;
How oft would I have call'd thee from the strife,
While trembling for thy hónour or thy life!
But what I suffer'd, what the woes I bare,
Let my fall'n tow'rs and ruin'd towns declare;
My fertile fields, once pleasant to the sight,
Now with the bones of slaughter'd Latians white;
My kingdom drain'd, its rivers red with gore
Of myriads bleeding on the purple shore;

Mortem Turni deplorat Latinus.

Et longi trepidique metus, durique labores,
Quos toties senior per tanta pericula cepi.
At nunc, Turne, jaces! Ubinam generosa juventæ
Gloria, & excellens animus? quo splendidus altæ
Frontis honos? quonam illa decens it frontis imago?
Ah! quantas Dauno lachrymas acresque dolores,
Turne, dabis? quanto circumfluet Ardea fletu?
Sed non degeneri & pudibundo vulnere fossum
Aspiciet! saltem hoc miseræ solamen habebit
Mortis, ut Æneæ Trojani exceperis ensem!
Hæc fatus, lachrymisque genas implevit obortis;
Tum sese ad turbam volvens, miserabile corpus
Attolli, & charum mœsti genitoris ad urbem
Deferri, atque pios fieri mandabat honores.
Mox circumfusi Rutuli toto agmine cæsum

Latinus laments the death of Turnus.

Myself with age and perils sore opprest,
Unwonted cares have broke my needful rest.
Now, Turnus, there thy faded glories lie,
Where the bright flame that fed thy sparkling eye?
Where is the noble front, the dauntless mien?
And where the gallant mind in danger all serene?
Alas! what tears shall hapless Daunus shed!
How shall the streets of Ardea wail the dead!
Yet shall thy sire thy fall unblushing view,
Through no dishonest wound thy spirit flew:
And may this thought his grief with triumph blend,
'Twas but to great Æneas thou could'st bend!"
He spoke, and wept, then turning to the crowd,
Who round the breathless chief in sorrow bow'd,
He bade them with the lov'd remains retire
To the lorn city and the mournful sire,
There pious honours on the dead bestow,
And sooth with fun'ral rites the mighty wo.
His wise commands the pensive troops obey'd,
And, gath'ring round, a spacious circle made:
Then the slain youth with gentle hands they rear,
Weep o'er his wounds, while on th'untimely bier;

Turni corpus Latinus reddit.

Sublimem ingenti juvenem posuere feretro.
Multa super Teucrûm raptorum insignia secum,
Et galeas, & equos, ensesque & tela ferentes;
Post currus Phrygiâ sudantes cæde sequuntur.
It lachrymans, & ducit equum doctâ arte Metiscus*
Rorantem, & fletu madidum qui vexerat ante
Victorem Turnum, atque hostili strage furentem.
Hinc alii versa arma gerunt; tum cætera pubes
Flens sequitur, largisque humectat pectora guttis.
Et jam fessi ibant per muta silentia noctis
Cædentes sese, gressumque in tecta Latinus
Flexerat; ingenti turbatus funere mentem.
Unà omnes lachrymas matres, puerique, senesque
Fundebant, mœstam implentes mugitibus urbem.
Inscius at tantos Daunus superesse dolores,
Et natum, extremo consumptum Marte, superbam

* *Æ.* 12. 469.

Latinus sends the body of Turnus home.

His graceful limbs with decent care are plac'd,
Th'untimely bier with martial trophies grac'd;
These crested helms, those swords and arrows bore,
Whose bloody points still smok'd with Phrygian gore.
Metiscus next advances on the plain,
Whilst briny show'rs his manly cheek distain:
He leads the warrior-steed, the steed which late
Bore his brave master to the field of fate,
When ev'ry pulse with native courage beat,
And battle's thund'ring din was musick sweet.
Next with inverted arms a train appear,
And melancholy youths bring up the sorrowing rear,
Their bosoms wet with tears of duteous love,
Through the dead stillness of the night they move.
Latinus sees them go; his steps he turn'd,
And sought the Latian tents and inly mourn'd.
Matrons, old men, and boys, with mingl'd cries
And loud complainings, pierce the pitying skies.
Not yet the heavy news to Daunus flew,
Not yet his son's untimely fate he knew,
That his brave spirit sought the shades below,
And that his fall gave conquest to the foe;

Ardea conflagrans.

Effundisse animam, largisque ad mœnia duci
Cum lachrymis: alios gemitus curasque fovebat;
Namque ex diversâ caderent dum parte Latini,
Et calido Turnus fœdaret sanguine terram,
Urbem ingens flamma & muros invaserat altos,
Fumabatque rutis miseri patris Ardea tectis,
Et tota in cinerem vergebat, & astra favillæ
Altivolæ implebant; nec spes plus ulla salutis:
Sive quidem sic diis placitum est, seu præscia Turni
Signum ut fata darent horrendo marte perempti.
Extemplo concussi animos, turbataque cives
Pectora cædentes, miserandæ sortis iniquum
Deflebant casum, longoque ex ordine matres,
Atque avidos totis fugiebant viribus ignes.
Ac veluti cum nigra cohors posuere sub altâ

Ardea in flames.

Knew not that even now approaching near
His followers bore him lifeless on the bier:
Far other cares his weary mind opprest,
Far other fears alarm'd his aged breast;
For whilst the Latians fell with many a wound,
And Turnus' blood yet reek'd upon the ground,
Ev'n in that hour of fate the flames aspire,
And wrap his Ardea's stately walls in fire.
Columns of ruddy smoke invade the sky,
And high in air the whirling cinders fly:
The falling roofs with hideous crash resound,
Safety is fled, and danger stalks around.
Whether the Gods decreed this dire event,
Or whether fate prophetic warning sent,
By this dread sign, of Turnus' overthrow,
His stately city lies in ashes low,
With terror, anguish, and amazement fill'd,
And the dread waste with streaming eyes beheld.
The sons of Ardea shunn'd the horrid sight,
And trembling matrons urg'd their speedy flight.
So when the sable ants, with patient care,
Their dwellings and their magazines prepare,

Ardeatum dolores.

Arbore, & in fissâ radice cubilia longo
Formicæ instantes operi, & dura securis
Incumbat, versoque infringat culmine parvas
Sæva casas, mox certatim sese agmine sparso
Corripiunt, mœstæque fugâ, trepidæque feruntur.
Et velut ignitum testudo eversa calorem
Cum sensit, luctata diu, pedibusque renitens,
Caudam agitansque caput, magnâ vi cedere tentat,
Æstuat; & multa insidians conamina miscet:
Haud aliter miseri per tanta pericula cives
Jactabant sese, & turbatâ mente ferebant.
Ante omnes senio confectus ad Æthera voces
Fundebat querulas Daunus superosque vocabat.
*Tum vero e mediis visa est consurgere flammis,
Percussisque ales volitare per æra pennis,
Indicium nomenque urbis versæ ardea servans

* *V. Ov. Met.* 14. 573. *& seq.*

Sufferings of the Ardeans.

Where the tall tree extends its leafy shade,
Amid the spreading roots securely laid;
Should the fell axe inflict the ruthless wound,
To lay the verdant honours on the ground,
And ev'ry little cell in dust confound:
Alarm'd, distrest, the frighted squadrons move,
And here and there in wild disorder rove.
Or as a tortoise, if a cruel hand
Lay on his shelly back the flaming brand;
Soon as his tender body feels the heat,
He shakes his head, he writhes his struggling feet,
Each effort tries, finds ev'ry effort vain,
And madly rages with the torturing pain.
Thus torn with grief, thus harass'd and dismay'd,
The wretched Ardeans, all disorderd, str ayd.
Above the rest the aged Daunus moans,
And oft invokes the Gods with piercing groans.
But, strange to tell, from out the furious flame,
A bird, on soaring wing, uninjur'd came:
The ruin'd city in this sign survives,
And in the bird the name of Ardea lives;

Daunus corpori filii occurrit.

Et cui sublimes stabant in mœnibus arces,
Mutata effusis nunc circumlabitur alis.
Attoniti novitate omnes, monitisque Deorum
Haud parvis confusi, humeros atque ora tenebant,
At Daunus patriæ ardenti concussus amore
Eversæ, duros gemitus sub corde premebat.
Hæc inter magno volitans prænuncia mota
Fama ruit, latisque animos clamoribus implet,
Adventare novum multo cum milite funus,
Et Turnum exanimem, & lethali vulnere victum.
Mox turbati omnes nigras duxere frequentes
Incensas ex more faces; ardentibus agri
Collucent flammis: dehinc se venientibus addunt:
Quos postquam toto videre ex agmine matres,
Percussis vocem palmis ad sidera tollunt.
At Daunus, chari ut patuerunt funera nati,
Substitit; & demum ingenti correpta dolore

Daunus meets the corse of his son.

And she, whose lofty tow'rs once pierc'd the skies,
Transformed now, on outstretch'd pinions flies.
Astonish'd at the change, and at the sign,
All bow'd in silence to the hand divine.
But Daunus, who his hapless city lov'd
With fervent zeal, with passion unreprov'd,
Beheld its fate with anguish ill supprest,
And hid his stifled sorrows in his breast.
Prophetic fame now warns the trembling train,
That, near approaching o'er the dusky plain,
Moves a strange fun'ral with a martial band,
And ev'ry ensign of supreme command:
'Twas Turnus sure whose noble corse they brought,
On whom foul death his direful triumph wrought.
Swift at the word they rush with wild affright,
And blazing torches chase the gloom of night;
They see their much-lov'd captain born along,
And join, with loud laments, the fun'ral throng:
The matrons clap their hands with frantick cries,
And plaintive clamours strike the starry skies.
When now his son's funereal pomp he view'd,
Awhile aghast the wretched Daunus stood;

Super filii corpus Daunus lamentatur.

Ora movens, medium sese furibundus in agmen
Proripuit: Turnumque super prostratus, & hærens,
Quum primum fari potuit, sic edidit ore:
Nate, patris dolor, & fessæ miseranda senectæ
Rupta quies! quo me, tantis jactate periclis,
Duxisti, et sævis tandem devicte sub armis?
Quo tua me præstans animi constantia vexit?
Hic claræ virtutis honos, & gloria sceptri?
Hoc magni decus imperii? talesne triumphos,
Nate, refers? hæc illa quies promissa parenti
Afflicto toties? hæc meta optata laborum?
Heu miserum! quam præcipites labentia casus
Sæcla agitant! quanto volvuntur fata tumultu!
Qui jam sublimes referebas clarus honores,
Et magnus toto in Latio, quem Troes in armis
Horrendum, & trepidi toties sensere furentem:—

Daunus laments over the corse of his son.

Then rais'd his eyes, and, torn with passion wild,
Rush'd through the weeping army to his child.
Long to the clay-cold corse the father clung,
And o'er the bier in speechless anguish hung;
At length his bursting griefs an utt'rance found,
And thus he spoke, his words in sorrow drown'd:
" My son, thy father's grief, whose peace is lost,
Thy hapless sire O whither hast thou tost?
And hath thy valour earn'd this doleful day,
Conquer'd at length, and fall'n to fate a prey?
Is this the honour by thy courage won?
Is this the sceptre I design'd my son?
Are these grim wounds fair empire's promis'd charms,
And these the triumphs of thy conqu'ring arms?
Is this the quiet my worn age desir'd?
This the reward to which my hopes aspir'd?
Alas! what change in time's swift varying tide
The fates roll on to sorrows yet untried!
He who so late in highest glory rose,
Rever'd through Latium, dreaded by his foes,
Who on their rear so oft with fury fell,
That happy he who 'scap'd their lot to tell:—

Continua lamentatio.

Pondera! Quid misero genitori plura paratis,
O superi? natum rapuistis! & Ardea flammis
Consumpta in cinerem versa est! nunc æthera pennis
Verberat! ah me, Turne, tuâ plus cæde cruento!
Deerat adhuc fors ista patris suprema senectæ.
At vero tali se res cum fœdere versant
Ut, quem infesta furens miserum fortuna moratur,
Illum omni petat infrendens, & turbine cogat.
Dixerat; & multa illachrymans largo ora rigabat
Imbre, trahens duros gemitus rapidosque dolores:
Qualis, ubi incubuit validus Jovis unguibus ales,
Et parvum effuso divulsit sanguine fœtum,
Cerva videns miseri turbatur funere nati.
Postera lux latum splendore impleverat orbem;
Tunc pater infractos fatali Marte Latinus
Defecisse videns Italos, totamque potenti
Cedere fortunam Æneæ; bellique tumultum,

Continued lamentation.

And now, ye Gods, what have ye yet in store
To heap upon th'afflicted father more?
'Twas you ordain'd my gallant son should bleed!
My flaming city your commands decreed!
Lov'd Ardea, my solace and my care,
Now beats with outstretch'd wings the yielding air!
But, Turnus, for thy death my sorrows flow;
This stroke was wanting to complete my wo!
'Tis destin'd thus to mortals (bitter day!)
What fortune leaves us, death must rend away."
He spoke; and briny torrents bathe his eyes,
His bosom pants with groans and heaving sighs:
As, when the tow'ring eagle seeks the lawn,
And rends, with ruthless beak, the tender fawn,
The parent hind, with unavailing grief,
Beholds her young expire without relief.
When now the dawn of morning cheer'd the view,
And o'er the world its op'ning radiance threw,
Latinus, hoary sire, within his mind
Revolv'd past scenes, and future plans design'd:
He saw to fate the Latian forces yield,
And great Æneas victor of the field;

Latinus ad Ænean legationem mandat.

Ingentesque animo curas, & fœdera volvens
Connubii promissa, suæ natæque hymenæos;
Præstantes vocat electos ex agmine toto
Mille viros, qui Dardanium comitentur ad urbem;
Spectatum virtute ducem, jungitque togatos
Multa oratores memorans; & euntibus ultro
Imperat ut (quando auspiciis monitisque deorum
Trojanam miscere Italo cum sanguine gentem
Expediat) placido intersint animoque revisant,
Æneadasque vehant alta intra mœnia læti.
Interea ipse urbem labefactam & vulgus inerme
Componit, solidatque animos, requiemque futuram
Spondet, & æternam ventura in sæcula pacem.
Inde jubet meritos, turbâ plaudente, triumphos,
Sublimesque domûs fieri regalis honores;

Latinus sends an embassy to Æneas.

Then, pond'ring deep within his anxious thought
The promis'd marriage, and th'alliance sought,
A thousand warriors, a selected band,
Forthwith he calls, and issues his command,
The Dardan chief with honours due to greet,
And lead triumphant to the regal seat.
With these the skilful orators depart,
With flowing robes and well-instructed art;
To whom he gives in charge (since heav'n's command,
And fate's decrees, which must unalter'd stand,
Had will'd the Trojan and the Latian line
From this eventful hour should ever join)
To hail, with words of peace and actions kind,
The Trojans with Laurentum's sons combin'd,
And to the city walls, without delay,
Their Phrygian allies joyfully convey.
Himself meantime cheers his dejected town,
And unarm'd subjects, aw'd by fortune's frown;
Calms their worn minds, and bids their sorrows cease,
And hails the balmy gifts of sacred peace.
Then he directs new triumphs to be made,
And all the honours of his house display'd:

Legatio castra Trojana advenit.

Atque alacris monet unanimes ut fronte serenâ
Occurrant genero venienti, & pectore toto
Excipiant gentem Iliacam, magnisque receptent
Plausibus, optatæque effundant pacis amores.
Jamque instructa cohors Teucrorum castra subîbat,
Cincta comas ramis oleæ, pacemque rogabat.
Quam bonus Æneas ad se intra regia duci
Tecta jubet, causamque viæ placido ore requirit.
Tunc senior sic incipiens ardentia Drances*
Verba movet, nimium erepti pro funere Turni
Exultans: O Trojanæ dux inclyte gentis,
Gloria spesque Phrygum! quo nec pietate nec armis

* *Æ.* 11. 222. 236.

The embassy arrive at the Trojan camp.

His people warns with one accord to meet
His future son, and his arrival greet
With courteous rev'rence, whilst his Ilians find
Love in each aspect, candour in each mind,
To peaceful wishes ev'ry heart resign'd.
And now th'instructed cohort sped their way,
And reach'd the camp where great Æneas lay;
Demanding peace, they trod the hostile ground,
Their manly brows with verdant olive crown'd.
The good Æneas saw; and straightway sent
To guide their footsteps to the regal tent:
Then with mild words to know th'occasion sought,
That to the Trojan host the Latians brought.
Then thus spoke Drances, elder of the train;
Fierce was his speech, and vaunting was his strain,
Alas, too much exulting in the blow
Which laid the brave, the gallant Turnus low:
" O chief renown'd, who leads't the Trojan host,
Hope of the Phrygians, and the Phrygians' boast,
Whose glorious name the world has ne'er beheld
In feats of arms, or pious faith excell'd,—

Drances ad Æneam concionatur.

Major in orbe fuit! victi obtestamur & omnes
Juramusque deosque deasque, invitus in unum
Conflatum vidit Latium, & temerata Latinus
Fœdera; nec Phrygios unquam turbavit honores,
Quin natæ (quando superûm sic vota ferebant)
Connubia, & generum magno te optabat amore:
Sed quicquid tanto armorum flagrante tumultu,
Tantorum furiisque operum atque laboribus actum est,
Id rabidus Turni, & stimulis incensus iniquis
Confectusque odiis, furor attulit. Ille negantes
Invitasque dedit Latias in prœlia gentes.
Illum omnis conversa cohors poscebat ut armis
Cederet, & magnum sineret succedere pactis
Connubiis Anchisiaden: inde optimus ambas
Jungebat palmas defessâ ætate Latinus
Infractus, nimioque ardentem Marte rogabat.
Nec nostræ potuere preces inflectere durum,
Nec divûm portenta animum; quin acriùs ignem

Drances harangues Æneas.

Conquer'd we bow, and each celestial Pow'r
We call to witness in this awful hour,
That with unwilling eye Latinus view'd
The violated league and tumults rude.
'Twas not his will that Latium should contend,
From Phrygian brows the wreath of fame to rend;
And much he long'd his daughter's hand to join
In nuptial faith, illustrious prince, with thine.
Whate'er was done in the mad strife of arms,
The mighty labours, and the mighty harms,
These the insatiate rage of Turnus brought,
By open force and secret wiles he wrought.
Loath was Latinus in the cause to join;
And the whole army pray'd him to resign
His vain pretensions, and submit to fate,
Which doom'd the royal maid a Trojan mate.
Then our lov'd prince, opprest with weary age,
Essays to calm his unavailing rage,
With hands uplifted begs his wrath to cease,
And joins his suff'ring people's prayer for peace,—
In vain: nor prayers nor prodigies arrest
His lifted arm, or bend his stubborn breast;

Drances ad urbem Æneam invitat.

Spumabat ferus ore vomens, bellumque ciebat.
At vero dignum invenit pro talibus ausis
Exitium, qui, te tandem victore, momordit
Nigrantem prostratus humum: nunc improbus ædes
Tartareas visurus eat; quæratque sub imo
Nunc alias Acheronte acies, alios que hymenæos.
Tu melior succede bonis Laurentibus hæres:
In te omnisque domûs, & fessi inclinata Latini
Spes jacet; unum omnes Itali super aurea mittunt
Sidera, & ingentem bello, & cœlestibus armis
Extollunt, & vera canunt præconia voces.
Te gravium veneranda patrum consultaque turba,
Invalidique ætate senes; te læta juventus,
Et cupidæ matres, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Unanimes æquo ore volunt; Turnumque sub armis
Exultant cecidisse tuis: te tota precatur

Drances invites Æneas to the city.

The more oppos'd, he rages yet the more,
And kindles war along the frighted shore,
Now ends in death his luckless enterprise,
Beneath thy conqu'ring falchion low he lies,
Biting the sable dust; deserv'd his fate:
Such the reward of unrelenting hate!
Now let the wretch, the cause of all our wo,
Go visit the Tartarean seats below;
And to the depths of Acheron repair,
Seek other armies, other spousals there:
But thou, with better omen, shalt succeed
To sway the sceptre for thy hand decreed.
Latinus, worn with age, reclines on thee;
Thou art his hope, the hope of Italy:
Thy name resound the golden stars above,
Godlike thy valour, O belov'd of Jove!
All call on thee, thy presence all demand:
The venerable fathers of the land,
Feeble old age, and careless infancy,
And anxious mothers turn their eyes to thee;
While youths and maids partake the gen'ral joy,
That Turnus falls beneath the chief of Troy.

Æneas accipit legationem.

Ausonia, & claris præstantem laudibus effert:
In te unum conversi oculi. Pater ipse Latinus,
Jam senior, sola hæc longævæ munera vitæ
Quî natam tibi jungat habet, generique nepotes
Trojanos Italo admixtos in sæcula mittat.
Ergo age, magne veni Teucrorum ductor, & altos
Ingredere, celebres cape quos spondemus honores.
Finierat: cunctique eadem simul ore fremebant.
Quos pius Æneas, hilari cum fronte receptos,
Prosequitur paucis, & amico pectore fatur:
Nec vos, nec placidâ solitum sub pace Latinum
Arguerim, verùm infesti violentia Turni
Tantum opus, haud dubito, & tanti discrimina Martis
Concivit, juvenilis enim plus laudis amore.
Quicquid id est tamen, Ausonii, nil pacta recuso
Connubia, & sanctam æterno cum fœdere pacem
Jungere: rex idem imperium & veneranda tenebit

Æneas accepts the offers of the embassy.

Ausonia hails thee to her utmost bound,
Thy name, thy praise in ev'ry mouth is found.
Latinus, father of his people, stays
His sinking age with hope of better days;
On thy long line his future hopes depend,
Which shall the Trojans and the Latians blend.
Then come, great chief of Phrygia, and receive
The honours which we wish, and wait to give."
He ceas'd: his foll'wers the glad theme repeat,
And with applause the Trojan hero greet.
The pious prince a fav'ring ear inclin'd,
His looks were cheerful, and his heart was kind;
Then in few words replies: " Nor you I blame,
Nor did your peaceful king these evils frame;
These woes the headstrong rage of Turnus bred,
By the fond love of youthful fame misled.
Your wish, howe'er, I seek not to withstand;
Glad I accept the fair Lavinia's hand,
And join the lasting league of sacred peace,
Pleas'd to behold the strife of battle cease.
My sire Latinus shall his sway maintain,
And over our united nations reign:

Exequiæ.

Sceptra socer; statuentque mei mihi mœnia Teucri,
Et nomen natæ urbis erit; sociosque penates
Adjiciam: vos communes in sæcula leges
Concordesque ingenti animo mittetis amores.
Interea (quod restat adhuc) imponite flammis
Corpora, quæ duri miserandi insania belli
Arripuit: dehinc nos, cum primum crastina surget
Clara dies, læti Laurentia tecta petamus.
Dixerat; & tanto affatu conversa tenebant
Ora simul, stupefacti omnes, & apertius ingens
Mirantes pietatis opus: mox robore toto
Congestas rapuere pyras, ignemque repostis
Civibus immisere, altumque sub æthera fumus
Evolat, atque atris cœlum sublime tenebris
Conditur; innumeras ex omni rure bidentes,
Glandilegosque sues jugulant, pinguesque juvencos

Funeral rites.

For me my Trojans shall a city rear,
Whose rising walls his daughter's name shall bear.
My household Gods I bring, in compact twin'd,
In common friendship, common laws combin'd:
These laws, these friendships, down the rolling tide
Of future time, in concord sweet shall glide.
It now remains the pious rites to pay
To these who fell to bloody war a prey,
And on the fun'ral pyres their breathless bodies lay:
Then when the morning wakes the rosy hours,
We'll joyful seek Laurentum's lofty tow'rs."
He spake: on him their eyes the Latians turn;
Wonder and rev'rence in their bosoms burn.
They own his pious cares, and lend their aid:
The fun'ral piles in order straight are laid;
On the heap'd wood their slaughter'd comrades lie,
The flames ascend, and smoke involves the sky:
The curling wreaths the cheerful heav'ns invade,
And blot the radiant light with sullen shade.
And now the flocks in countless numbers bled,
And now the swine, on falling acorns fed;

Æneas Laurentum ingreditur.

Immittunt rogis; latos incendia campos
Enudant; fremit impulsis clamoribus æer.
Jamque sequens clarum extulerat lux aurea Phœbum:
Tunc Teucri Ausoniique omnes, mixto agmine, læti
Consedere in equis, & gressum ad tecta movebant
Laurenti, atque altis erectam mœnibus urbem.
Ante omnes pius Æneas; post ordine Drances,
Multa duci senior memorans; dehinc unica proles
Ascanius; multumque animi maturus Alethes*,
Et gravis Ilioneus†, Mnestheusque‡, acerque Serestus §;
Sergestus‖, fortisque Gyas¶, fortisque Cloanthus **:
Post alii mixtimque Itali Teucrique sequuntur.
Interea effusi stabant per mœnia cives,

* *Æ.* 1. 121. † *Æ.* 1. 611. ‡ *Æ.* 4. 288. § *Æ.* 1. 611.
‖ *Æ.* 1. 510. ¶ *Æ.* 1. 222. ** *Æ.* 1. 226.

Æneas enters Laurentum.

The fatted heifers vainly lowing came,
All victims doom'd to glut the greedy flame;
The spacious fields a waste of ruin lie,
And the air trembles with the clam'rous cry.
Now Phœbus rose: from his refulgent beam
The purple rays of dewy morning stream;
The Trojan and Ausonian bands, combin'd,
Mount their proud steeds, and leave the camp behind;
To seek the city their glad steps are bound,
Laurentum fair with stately turrets crown'd.
The great Æneas, not more great than good,
Before the moving host majestick rode;
Then aged Drances, with discourse inclin'd
To please the hero's ear, and win his mind;
Ascanius, his sole hope, of blooming years;
Alethes next, of mind mature, appears;
Ilioneus grave, and Mnestheus move along;
Serestus lively, and Sergestus strong,
And Gyas brave, and brave Cloanthus there:
Trojans and Latians mingle in the rear.
Now on their lofty walls, a num'rous band,
Th'expecting citizens of Latium stand;

Latinus Æneæ occurrit.

Sublimesque altâ statuebant laude triumphos,
Trojanam cupido expectantes pectore turbam.
Et jam adventabant; quos lætâ fronte Latinus
Occurrens magnâ excepit comitante catervâ.
At postquam medio venientem ex agmine vidit
Dardanium Ænean, haud vera illusit imago:
Namque omnes super excellens atque altior ibat,
Et latè regalem oculis spargebat honorem
Sidereis. Tunc, cum primum data copia fandi est,
Et voces capere atque optatas jungere dextras,
Incipit, & prior affatur placido ore Latinus:
Venisti tandem! cupidum nec fixa fefellit
Spes animum, lux Trojanæ clarissima gentis;
Magnorum quem jussa deûm tot casibus actum,
Italiâ & nostris voluere sistere tectis.

Latinus meets Æneas.

With anxious breasts their eager eyes they strain,
To seek the squadron moving o'er the plain;
Prepar'd to hail with triumph and with joy
Th'illustrious leader, and the troops of Troy.
The troops approach: and now with regal state
Latinus issues from the city gate;
To meet th'advancing host his steps he bends;
A thronging crowd the monarch's steps attends.
And now the Dardan hero greets his view;
Latinus straight the Dardan hero knew.
His princely stature, mark'd amidst the rest,
And noble mien, the noble mind confest;
The kindling eye, with beaming lustre bright,
And ev'ry manly grace enchants the sight.
The princes meet; their better hands they join;
And thus Latinus speaks the man divine:
" Welcome at length! although so long delay'd,
My anxious wish—my hopes have not betray'd;
Light of the Trojans! whom the Gods command
To fix thy dwelling in my favour'd land,
After thy wand'rings long, thy various woes,
Here to enjoy thy well-deserv'd repose.

Amicitiæ alternatio.

Quanquam humana furens nimis ausa licentia sanctas
Turbarit leges & divûm exciverit iras,
Quin etiam invictum toties meque arma negantem
Tradiderit duri perferre pericula Martis
(Factum etenim! sed nec parvo stat,—numina justas
Indignata animis misêre ultricia pœnas);—
Nunc age, magne Phrygum ductor, quando omnis origo
Seditionis abest, & tanti criminis auctor,
Connubiis succede & promissis hymenæis.
Sunt mihi magna regna, jacent ereptis oppida muris,
Sola autem fessæ spes unica nata senectæ:
Te generum & natum tempus complector in omne.
Quem contra bonus Æneas: Rex maxime, nullam
In te causam armorum tantique tumultûs
Crediderim, placidæ assueto sub tempore pacis;

Interchange of friendship.

Though daring men, with fatal fury fir'd,
Against th'unchanging will of Heav'n conspir'd,
And rous'd celestial wrath; and drew me on
To mix in warfare, which I sought to shun,
And, after various efforts tried in vain,
At last imbrued with blood my peaceful reign
(Confest! nor small the fine our folly paid,
Nor long the Gods our punishment delay'd);—
Yet now, sedition quell'd, its author slain,
Come, gallant leader of the Phrygian train,
Come, and receive thy bride, withheld so long,
And hear the promis'd Hymeneal song.
Kingdoms I have, though fortune thus has frown'd,
And though my towns are levell'd with the ground;
Fatigued, and with the weight of years opprest,
An only daughter soothes my cares to rest:
Be thou my son; let these embraces prove
A father's welcome, and a father's love."
To whom the Trojan prince: "O King renown'd,
Ne'er did my thought thy spotless honour wound:
It was not thou who caus'd the dire alarms,
Dissolv'd the league, and rous'd the strife of arms

Pace redintegratâ, Latini exhilarantur.

Et si qua est, pone hanc curam, pater optime, quæso.
Nunc adsum, & patrem & socerum te lætus in omnes
Accipio casus: magni mihi surgit imago
Anchisæ, & rursum ardebo genitoris amore.
Talibus orabant inter se, & tecta subibant
Regia: cum studio effusæ matresque nurusque,
Longævique patres stabant, juvenumque cohortes,
Pulchra revisentes Trojanæ corpora gentis;
Ante omnes magnum Æneam, cupidoque notabant
Altum animo genus, & præstantem frontis honorem,
Quæsitamque alacres pacemque optata quietis
Munera laudabant: ceu quando longus & ingens
Agricolas tenuit resolutis nubibus imber
Suspensos, curvumque diu requievit aratrum;
Tunc si clarus equos spatioso limine Titan
Lasset, & aurato cœlum splendore serenet,

The Latians rejoice in the return of peace.

Sooth'd be thy griefs, and ev'ry care resign'd,
And may my duteous love acceptance find!
O let me call thee sire: before mine eyes
The image of Anchises seems to rise;
Once more my breast with filial flames shall burn,
And a fond father to these arms return."
Conversing thus, they seek the regal dome:
And now in troops the thronging Latians come,
Maids, matrons, youths, and aged fathers hie,
And on the Trojans gaze with greedy eye,
And much the strangers' graceful forms they prais'd;
But most the chief their admiration rais'd,
Whilst in his polish'd brow, and air divine,
They trace the glories of his godlike line;
Rejoicing now, their toils and dangers past,
To long-desired peace restor'd at last.
So, when continued show'rs of heavy rain
Suspend the cheerful labours of the swain,
The vallies mourn, the plough neglected lies,
And sullen gloom o'erspreads the weeping skies;
Should then bright Titan lash the fiery steeds,
Which whirl his chariot through celestial meads,

Æneas Laviniæ obvenit.

Lætitiâ exundant, & sese hortantur agrestes:
Non secus Ausonii tam læto in tempore rerum
Composuere animos. Et jam rex alta Latinus
Atria, regalesque aditus intrarat, & unà
Optimus Æneas, quem sequitur pulcher Iülus;
Dehinc Itali mixtique Phryges: tum splendida latè
Applausu, & magno completur regia cœtu.
Hæc inter, matrum innumerâ nuruumque catervâ
In medium comitata venit Lavinia virgo,
Sidereos dejecta oculos: quam Troïus heros
Virtute & formâ ingentem, (mirabile dictu!)
Ut vidit, primo aspectu stupefactus inhæsit;

Æneas meets Lavinia.

They take their ample way, and, breathing fire,
Before their footsteps clouds and storms retire:
Then glow the Heav'ns with streaming splendours bright,
And cheer the dewy earth with golden light;
The tranquil skies the joyful peasants view,
And with glad haste their various tasks renew.
Such grateful joy Ausonia's sons display,—
Such, and so welcome is this happy day.
The spacious courts now king Latinus prest,
And to the palace led his noble guest;
Next follow'd his Iülus, fair and young;
Trojans and Latians close the mingled throng:
Exulting crowds the welcome train surround,
With shouts of joy the golden roofs rebound.
But now, in beauty's brightest bloom array'd,
Full in their sight appears the royal maid;
Matrons and virgins in her train repair,
Her steps attending, worthy of the fair:
On her soft cheek the mantling blushes rise,
Whilst on the ground are fix'd her starry eyes.
The Trojan hero saw, and, all amaz'd,
With eager looks on fair Lavinia gaz'd;

Æneas Laviniam uxorem ducit.

Et secum Turni casus miseratus acerbos,
Qui, haud parvâ spe ductus, ovans in prœlia tantos
Civisset motus, durisque arsisset in armis.
Tum verò æterno junguntur fœdera nexu
Connubii, multâque canunt cum laude hymenæos:
Dehinc plausus fremitusque altum super aëra mittunt,
Et lætam vocem per regia tecta volutant.
At fidum interea Æneas affatur Achaten,
Vadat, & (Andromache* quondam data munera) vestes
Intextas auro ferat; &, quod sæpe solebat,
Dum res Trojanæ stabant, circumdare collo,
Auratum gemmis circumseptumque monile;
Præterea magnum cratera, in pignus amoris
Quem Priamus patri Anchisæ donaverat olim.

* Æ. 3. 482.

Æneas espouses Lavinia.

For through her graceful form, and aspect kind,
Beam'd forth the lustre of her purer mind.
Strange it may seem, but in his breast arose
Compassion for his hapless rival's woes,
Who, urg'd by treach'rous hope, defied th'alarms
Of direful tumult, and of horrid arms.
And now, th'eternal bands of Hymen tied,
The Trojan chief receives his promis'd bride:
Then sweetly float in air the nuptial lays,
With shouts of triumph, and with songs of praise;
Through the gay palace rolls the joyful strain,
And gladsome echoes swell the notes again.
Meantime, unheeded by the festive band,
The chief to tried Achates gives command,
To take the glitt'ring robes, a costly load,
The gifts which once Andromache bestow'd;
And bring with these, all radiant to behold,
The necklace starr'd with gems, and bright with gold,
Which on that snowy neck was wont to glow,
While Troy yet flourish'd fair, nor fear'd impending wo:
Nor is the ample goblet left behind,
Which Priam to Anchises' hand resign'd,—

Nuptialis festivitas.

Nec mora: jussa sequens pulcherrima portat Achates
Munera; tum socer ingentem cratera Latinus
Donatum capit, ac conjux Lavinia vestes,
Atque monile decens: placido dehinc pectore sese
Demulcent, variisque trahunt sermonibus horas.
Et jam tarda epulas fugientis tempora lucis
Poscebant; mox regali convivia luxu
Effundunt, latosque alta intra tecta paratus.
Convenere omnes, strato discumbere in ostro
Deliciis jussi, & dapibus se inferre futuris.
Dat manibus crystallus aquas, mensisque reponunt
Flaventem Cererem, tum lætâ fronte ministri
Innumeri magno distinguunt ordine curas:
Pars dapibus reficit mensas, pars pocula miscet,
Craterasque replet; nunc hâc, nunc volvitur illâc
Turba frequens, varios miscentque per atria motus.

Nuptial festivity.

Pledge of his love. The mandate straight obey'd,
The precious gifts are to the court convey'd.
The prince, with courteous mien and gen'rous soul,
Bears to his Latian sire the spacious bowl;
The radiant necklace, and the robes of state,
Worthy her charms, adorn his beauteous mate.
And now their minds enjoy a sweet repose,
And the soft tide of various converse flows,
Till the slow passing hours the feast demand;
The feast is spread, and by a regal hand:
While through the dome the ready menials haste,
And luxury presides at the repast.
The bidden guests on splendid carpets lie,
And crystal vases living springs supply:
They wash: and now, on ample tables laid,
The yellow gifts of Ceres are display'd;
Attendants, deck'd with smiles, a num'rous band,
Around the festive board obsequious stand:
All know their parts; the viands those replace,
And these with ruddy wine the goblets grace;
The busy crowd now here, now there are found,
And fill th'extended courts with various sound.

Rerum recognitio.

At puerum pater immotis spectabat Iülum
Luminibus, vultum admirans moresque Latinus,
Et graviter puerili ex ore cadentia verba,
Maturumque animum ante annos; & multa rogabat,
Permixtas referens voces: dehinc oscula figens
Dulcia complexum manibus, junctumque fovebat;
Et nimium exultans felicem, & munere divûm
Donatum Æneam pro tali prole ferebat:
Postquam epulis compressa fames, traducere longam
Incipiunt fando, & labentem fallere noctem;
Nunc duros Trojæ casus, gentesque Pelasgas,
Nunc fera Laurentis memorantes prœlia pugnæ;—
Quo primum diffusæ acies,—quo tela vicissim
Pulsa loco,—qui primum ovans invaserit agmen,
Fulmineumque ardens in equo madefecerit ensem.
Præcipuè Tros Æneas, seniorque Latinus.

Retrospective views.

But sire Latinus, lost in fond surprise,
On young Iülus fix'd his wond'ring eyes:
Gaz'd on his beauteous aspect o'er and o'er,
Admir'd his mien, admir'd his manners more;
Admir'd his sage discourse, which sweetly flow'd
From boyish lips, and manly grace bestow'd;
Much of the youth inquir'd, in whom appears
A mind mature beyond his tender years;
Then, folding closely to his aged breast,
With all a grandsire's tenderness carest,
And deem'd his sire had Heav'n's high favour won,
Blest by the Gods in such a worthy son.
The banquet o'er, the converse they renew'd,
And the long night the varied themes pursued:
And now they tell of Troy's disastrous fate,
And now th'events of Latium's war relate;—
Who broke the line where first the rout began!
Whose gallant arm restor'd the rallying van!
Who first, on fiery steed, impetuous bore
Down on the front, and drench'd in copious gore
His glitt'ring sword!—— In these the amplest share
The Trojan chief and old Latinus bear.

Dardanus Trojæ conditor.

Magnorum heroüm Latiique antiqua potentis
Gesta recensebant, fugientemque horrida nati
Arma sui, Saturnum Italis latuisse sub oris*;
Hinc Latium dixisse, genusque in montibus altis
Comperuisse vagum, legesque & jura dedisse,
Et Bacchi & frugum cultus: dehinc tecta secutum
Esse paterna Jovem; utque Electrâ Atlantide cretus†,
Æsio Idæas cæso Phrygiæ isset ad urbes,
Dardanus, ex Corytho multâ cum gente profectus,
Utque insignem aquilam, dono & Jove patre superbus,
Hectoreæ gentis signum, illustresque tulisset
Primus avum titulos, Trojanæ stirpis origo.
Talibus atque aliis inter se longa trahebant
Tempora: tum fremitus lætæque per atria voces
Alta volant, strepitu ingenti tectum omne repletur;

* *Æ.* 8. 322. † *Æ.* 1. 135.

Dardanus founder of Troy.

In converse grateful they delight to trace
The deeds and heroes of the ancient days:
To tell how Saturn fled his vengeful son,
And on Italia's shores conceal'd, unknown,
Lay latent. Latium hence deriv'd her name;
Hence sprung her arts, and hence arose her fame.
He taught the race, who roam'd the mountain's brow,
To law and right their stubborn necks to bow;
To prune the purple vine's luxuriant shoot,
And bid their vallies bloom with golden fruit:
How mighty Jove himself, in later times,
Visits his natal bow'rs, and Cretan climes:
How Dardanus (whom Atlas' daughter bore,
The fair Electra) left his native shore,
And, blood-stain'd, led from Corythus his band,
To seek th'Idœan towns of Phrygiás land.
Proud of his heav'nly parent, mighty Jove,
Proud of his gift, and prouder of his love;
Th'imperial eagle on his standard shone,
And him the sons of Troy their founder own.
Such varied themes the ling'ring moments cheer:
But now triumphal sounds invite the ear;

Omen & precatio.

Dant lucem flammæ, & lato splendore coruscant.
Consurgunt Phryges, & citharâ resonante sequuntur
Ausonii, & plausum ingeminant, seque agmine toto
Permiscent, variantque pedes, raptimque feruntur.
Et jam festa novem largo connubia luxu
Attigerant celebrata dies: tum maximus heros
Æneas urbem curvo signabat aratro,
Fundabantque domos, & amictas aggere fossas.
Ecce autem fatum haud parvum! diffundere flammam
Ingentem, & fulgore levem, & nubibus altis
Miscentem, summo Lavinia vertice visa est.
Obstupuit pater Æneas, duplicesque tetendit
Ad cœlum cum voce manus: Si, Jupiter, unquam
Gens monitis Trojana tuis, terrâque marique
Paruit imperiisque libens,—si, Numina, vestras

Omen and prayer.

The joyful fires are kindled, beaming bright,
Their festive splendours chase the gloom of night.
Trojans and Latians from the feast arise,
And swell the plaudits with their mingled cries;
Sweet sounds the harp, the joyous troop advance,
And form with mazy steps the giddy dance.
Such were the sports, and such the festive days,
Till the ninth morning pour'd her purple rays.
Then great Æneas plann'd his city's bound,
And with the crooked ploughshare mark'd the ground,
These sink the fosses, these the dwellings raise:
When lo! a wondrous omen meets their gaze!
A flame innoxious o'er Lavinia plays;
From her fair locks the streaming sparkles rise,
Part with short flash, and mingle with the skies.
Father Æneas, fill'd with holy dread,
To Heav'n his lifted hands adoring spread,
And thus preferr'd his prayer: "O mighty Jove,
If e'er the Trojan race, with duteous love,
By land, by sea, thy mandates have obey'd,——
If I my vows have at thine altar paid,

Venus omen interpretatur.

Si metui coluique aras,—per si quid agendum est
Quod restat, placidam felici afferte quietem
Augurio, & firmate, malisque imponite finem.
Talia jactantem circumstetit aurea mater,
Se Venerem confessa, almo & sic edidit ore:
Nate, animo pone hanc curam, & meliora capesse
Signa deûm, gaudensque bonis succede futuris.
Nunc tibi parta quies, nunc meta extrema malorum;
Nunc tandem optatam componunt sæcula pacem.
Nec flammam ad cœlos perlatam vertice charæ
Conjugis horresce; at constantem dirige mentem:
Namque erit illa, tuum celebri quæ sanguine nomen,
Trojanosque auctura duces ad sidera mittat.
Hæc tibi magnanimos sublimi prole nepotes
Conferet, egregiis totum qui laudibus orbem
Complebunt, totumque suâ virtute potentes
Sub juga victoresque trahent; quos gloria summo
Oceanum transgressa ingens æquabit Olympo;

Venus explains the omen.

Unceasing paid, and fear'd and own'd thy pow'r,
And saw thy promise gild each future hour,——
Confirm this omen; let our sorrows end,
And the bless'd reign of placid quiet send."
Whilst thus the pious prince his prayer addrest,
Sudden before his wond'ring eyes confest
His golden mother stood, in light array'd,
And smiles of love her balmy lips display'd,
As thus she spoke: "My son, dismiss thy care,
And now to taste the future bliss prepare:
Concord is thine, misfortune is no more;
Peace, long desir'd, revolving years restore.
Think not these flames can aught of ill portend,
Which from thy lov'd Lavinia's brows ascend:
Preserve thy constant mind, my son, and know
What to thy bride thy future house shall owe.
From her a noble race shall spring, whose fame
Ev'n to the starry skies shall bear thy name;
The wond'ring world their mighty deeds shall tell,
No seas shall limit, and no force shall quell:
High as Olympus shall their glories blaze,
And flame along the course of future days;

76 *Æneæ felicitatem futuram Venus prædicit.*

Quos tandem innumera ardens post illustria rerum
Gesta deos factura vehet super æthera virtus.
Hanc flammam ventura tuæ præconia gentis
Designant; hoc omnipotens e culmine signum
Sidereo dedit. At, tantarum in munera laudum,
Quam statuis dicas a nomine conjugis urbem.
Præterea, sacros Trojâ ex ardente penates
Ereptos compone nova intra mœnia, & altos
Infer ad æternum mansuros tempus honores.
Hi (tibi mira feram!) tanto urbis amore trahentur,
Ut vecti ad sedes alias loca prima Latini
Sponte suâ repetent, iterumque iterumque reversi.
O felix, quem tanta manent! dehinc pace tenebis
Sub placidâ gentem Iliacam; pòst fessus, & ævo
Confectus, tandem Elysias socer ibit ad umbras;
Succedes sceptro, atque Italis dominabere, leges
Communes Teucrisque ferens; tum lætus ad altum

Venus foretells to Æneas his future happiness.

On deeds illustrious shall their spirits rise
Aloft, and mingle with their kindred skies.
This lambent fire pourtrays thy noble line,
And Jove omnipotent has sent the sign
From his starr'd canopy, and seats divine.
Thy rising town must bear Lavinia's name,
And honour her, who thus exalts thy fame.
Thy household Gods be to these walls remov'd,
Sav'd from the burning wreck of Troy belov'd:
Thy city these kind deities shall own,
And grace thy rising tow'rs with high renown;
And such their constant love to this sojourn,
(Wondrous to tell!) they from this city borne
Shall, self-impell'd, again, again return.
O happy thou, and born to prosp'rous fate,
On whom such gifts, on whom such honours wait!
Thy Ilians shall thy regal rule obey,
And placid peace extend her gentle sway;
And when thy hoary sire, by age opprest,
Shall in Elysium find eternal rest,
Thou worthily shalt fill the Latian throne,
And for their common lord both nations thee shall own:

Æneas Latino supervivit.

Te mittes cœlum: sic stat sententia divûm.
Dixit; & inde leves se vexit ad auras.
Æneas, tanto stupefactum nomine mentem
Perculsus, divæ peragit mandata parentis.
Et jam compositos felici in pace regebat
Dardanidas; & jam decedens sceptra Latinus
Liquerat, & pius Æneas successerat; omnem
Ausoniam, latâque potens ditione tenebat;
Jam paribus Phryges atque Itali se moribus ultro,
Et socii ingenti firmabant pectora amore,
Concordique æquas miscebant fœdere leges.
Tum medio Venus exultans se immisit Olympo
Ante Jovem, & complexa pedes sic ore locuta est:
Omnipotens genitor, qui solus ab æthere summo
Cuncta moves, qui res hominum curasque recenses,—

Æneas survives Latinus.

Then to high heav'n resplendent shalt thou rise:—
Such is the fate decreed thee in the skies."
She spoke; and the light gales her form upbear,
Her beauteous form ascends the ambient air.
Æneas, struck with awe, the scene survey'd,
And all his Goddess-mother's words obey'd.
And now Latinus rul'd the peaceful state;
Now full of days he meets the stroke of fate,
And, dying, gave to great Æneas' hand
The Latian sceptre, and supreme command;
The Phrygians and Italians, firmly join'd,
In strictest bands of social love combin'd;
Their manners equal, and their laws the same,
Enjoy their happy rest and well-earn'd fame;
Then with exulting joy the Queen of love
On high Olympus sought imperial Jove;
Embrac'd his knees all lowly ere she spoke,
Then op'd her rosy lips, and silence broke:
"Father omnipotent, who high alone,
'Mid circling ether, from thy radiant throne
Mov'st all things, yet forget'st not human kind,
Their cares, their actions touch thy heav'nly mind,—

Jovi pro Æneâ Venus supplicat.

Dum Teucros traheret fortuna inimica, recordor,
Spondebas finem ærumnis, rebusque salutem:
Nec tua te promissa pater sententia fallit;
Namque omnes gaudere sacrâ tres pace per annos,
Viderunt Italæ nullo discrimine partes.
Verùm ad siderei missurum culmina cœli
Pollicitus magnum Æneam, meritumque ferebas
Illaturum astris. Quid nunc sub pectore versas?
Jamque optat matura polos Æneia virtus.
Olli hominum pater atque deúm dedit oscula, ab alto
Pectore verba ferens: Quantum, Cytherea, potentem
Æneam, Æneadasque omnes infessus amavi,
Et terrâ & pelago, & per tanta pericula vectos,
Nosti; & sæpe quidem indolui commotus amore,

Venus addresses Jupiter in behalf of Æneas.

Whilst fortune pitiless, with cruel hate,
Pursued the remnant of the Trojan state;
My soul remembers well thy promise kind,
That peace and rest the hapless race should find:
Nor hast thou, gracious sire, my hopes betray'd,
Nor was thy sacred promise vainly made;
Three years of holy peace, serene and mild,
O'er all Italia's happy states have smil'd.
Another hope thou bad'st my bosom know,
(Sweet hope, which oft hath sooth'd maternal wo,)
That thou to starry realms and upper skies
Wouldst bid the great, the good Æneas rise,
Deem'd worthy to partake celestial joys.
What is thy will? for now his soul aspires,
And, ripe for heav'n, his heav'nly seat desires."
She ceas'd: Olympus' Lord his child carest,
And her soft lip with kiss ambrosial prest;
Then, from the deep recesses of his mind,
This soothing answer gave in accents kind:
" Dost thou not know, my daughter, heav'nly fair,
That with unwearied love, unwearied care,

Veneris supplicationi annuit Jupiter.

Nata, tuo,—tandemque malis, Junone secundâ,
Imposui finem. Nunc stat sententia menti,
Quâ ductorem alto Phrygium succedere cœlo
Institui, & firma est; numeroque inferre deorum
Constat, & id concedo libens: tu, si quid in ipso
Mortale est, adime; atque astris ingentibus adde.
Quin si alios sua habet virtus, qui laude perenni
Accingant sese, gestis præstantibus orbem
Exornent, illos rursum super æthera mittam.
Assensere omnes superi; nec regia Juno
Abnuit, at magnum Æneam suadebat ad altum
Efferri cœlum, & voces addebat amicas.
Tum Venus aërias descendit lapsa per auras,
Laurentumque petit; vicina Numicius undis
Flumineis ubi currit in æquora arundine tectus.

Jupiter grants the request of Venus.

Thy son I cherish'd, and his warlike band,
Tost on the seas, or wand'ring on the land;
And oft thy pious griefs my pity mov'd,
Whilst sorr'wing sadly for a son belov'd:——
Now Juno favours, and their conflicts end,
And my fix'd purpose shall thy wish befriend.
The Phrygian chief amid the Gods shall shine,
Such is my will, and fill a seat divine:
Do thou whate'er is mortal separate,
And guide his spirit to its glorious fate.
Yet more, if others, with his virtues crown'd,
Adorn the earth, for noble deeds renown'd;
Like happy lot their gen'rous souls shall share,
And rise triumphant through the fields of air."
He ceas'd: th'assenting Gods the doom approve;
Nor she denies, th'imperial wife of Jove,
But deems the Trojan worthy of a place
Amid the stars and heav'n's ethereal race.
Now down the balmy gale glad Venus glides
To fair Laurentum; where his silver tides
Numicius pours along, and, fring'd with reeds,
His silent waters to the ocean leads.

Æneæ apotheosis.

Tunc corpus nati abluere, & deferre sub undas
Quicquid erat mortale jubet: dehinc læta recentem
Felicemque animam secum super aëra duxit,
Immisitque Æneam astris; quem Julia proles
Indigetem appellat, templisque imponit honores. 630

FINIS ÆNEIDOS.

Apotheosis of Æneas.

The goddess stood; and to th'obedient wave
With voice divine the sacred mandate gave,
Her godlike son's majestick limbs to lave;
To wash mortality's dull dregs away,
And free the spirit from encumb'ring clay.
And now 'tis done; and to the starry pole
She bears the joyous, disembodied soul:
There sits Æneas; whilst his Julian line
Bid altars fair in his bright temples shine,
And him their guardian own with honours all divine.

THE END OF THE ÆNEID.

THE NEGRO.

ADDRESSED TO EDMUND BURKE.

O THOU, this country's boast, this age's pride,
Freedom's firm friend, and Pity's gen'rous guide,
Great Burke! whose voice, when wretchedness complains,
Humanity's invaded rights maintains.
Hark! Nature speaks in injur'd Africk's right,
And deeds of horror are disclos'd to light:——
Thou wert not silent that important day,
On such a theme thou couldst not silent stay.
When such a voice arose in such debate,
And Truth roll'd onward with impetuous weight,
Who dar'd to vindicate the impious deed,
And with unblushing front for slav'ry plead?

BRITAIN, thy laws are gen'rous, wise and good,
Did not stern Justice stain her sword with blood:
Still prompt to curb the spoiler's cruel hand,
And chase oppression from thy favour'd land.

And shall these laws, to foster freedom made,——
Shall these defend oppression's guilty trade?
Shall rapine wild, shall murder, foul with gore,
Ravage, unblam'd, affrighted Africk's shore;
And vilest treach'ry basely bear away,
From the lov'd native land, the human prey;
And vent'rous man resolve, (more rash than brave)
Resolve to make his fellow-man a slave?—

But that hard heart, which could not here relent,
Soon finds the crime become the punishment:
The gen'rous boast of liberty is flown,
The seeds of vengeance are by slav'ry sown;
Ruling dejected men with sov'reign sway,
The Tyrant looks that *all* mankind obey.
With disappointed pride his haughty breast
Burns, and tumultuous passions rack his rest:
Or, in their wretched huts while captives weep,
See keen remorse, rous'd by the wailings deep,
Stalk round his nightly couch, and murder sleep!
What though wealth on thee pour her golden flood,
(Ah, dearly purchas'd with thy brother's blood!)

Wealth buys not peace:—the poor man pities thee:—
Would'st thou be happy?—set thy captives free.

How oft did Woolman's tears these woes deplore,
When that pure spirit mortal clothing wore!
He stood a sign the wond'ring world among,
Nor touch'd the product of oppressive wrong:
He saw, he mourn'd the hapless Negro's fate,
Bound in the horrors of a captive state;
Saw torn asunder Nature's tend'rest ties,
To bid th'unfeeling master's heaps arise,
And deeds of deadly die and foulest shame
Affix dishonour to the Christian name;
Heard the deep groans the sable bosoms rend:
(Shall not these groans to pitying Heav'n ascend?)
"And these are they," he cried, "whose lab'ring hands
"With ceaseless toil maintain these peopled lands;
"To them the means of life are scarce supplied,
"While their lords revel in luxurious pride:
"And yet the right of liberty is theirs;
"No duty dooms them to these servile cares;

" And though proud man has mercy's law denied,
" These are the souls for which a Saviour died,
" And how we act to these—we must reply
" To Him, who views mankind with equal eye."

So spoke the Sage;——and glad his heart had been,
Had he this dawning day of freedom seen.
O favour'd age!——the genial beams expand
The feeling bosom, and the lib'ral hand;
The poor are pitied, all are Nature's sons,
And soften'd man his abject brother owns;
The youth to learning and to labour trains,
And smooths the couch where pale disease complains.
E'en on the cell where guilt and mis'ry lie,
Streams the sweet ray from Mercy's gracious eye;
For, rank'd in Virtue's cause, her chiefs appear,
Illustrious names to future ages dear!
Not theirs the bloody pomp of martial meed,
But brighter honours crown the nobler deed.

There princely Leopold his sway maintains,
Mild as the breeze which fans his Tuscan plains;
Though strictest Justice guards the favour'd shore,
He bids the sword of Justice slay no more;

He deem'd that Nature's laws no right could have
To take that life the God of Nature gave.

Where the deserted babes protection find,
Their little lives to strangers' hands consign'd.
There noble Arabella's worth is tried,
Her sex's glory and her nation's pride:
While gen'rous Raikes bids idle sport give way,
And useful lore defend the solemn day.

Lo! Howard, like a pitying angel, speeds
From clime to clime, while misery's cause he pleads,
The dungeon's depth all resolute explores,
Though putrid steams below the iron doors.

The sable veil see dauntless Clarkson rend,
And bold avow himself the captive's friend;
Invoking sacred Pity's heav'nly rain,
To wash the blood which rusts upon his chain.

There, Burke, thy lov'd, thine honour'd name shall stand,
And add new splendour to the godlike band.

The gracious Father, universal Friend,
To whom the cries of guiltless blood ascend,
Has to thy charge superior gifts assign'd,
And bless'd thee with the love of human kind:—
O then continue still, thus doubly blest,
Thy gen'rous zeal to succour the distrest.
Let proud Oppression from thy voice retire,
While the rapt nations kindle at thy fire;
Let either India echo back thy name,
While conscious Virtue yields the dearest fame.

And when thy noble soul shall wing its flight
To the pure realms of liberty and light;
There, where the wicked shall no more molest,
There, where the wounded, wearied spirits rest,
There, where the captives meet, their sorrows o'er,
And tremble at th'oppressor's voice no more;
Amid the holy bands who glorious shine,
For ever hymning forth their songs divine;
The Patriarchs just, by early Nature blest
With the first sweets of her maternal breast;
Th' Apostles, who the sacred mandates bore
Of universal love from shore to shore;

And the meek Martyrs, with their precious blood
Sealing those truths a blinded world withstood:—
Amid these holy bands, that peaceful fold,
Shalt thou the naked Negro-slave behold,
Whose manly limbs the servile chain confin'd,
While heathen darkness wrapp'd his fetter'd mind.
This work of God, the spirit and the frame,
His tyrant fellow-man depress'd with shame.
What though his ear no social lip inform'd!—
The heart He made, the gracious Maker warm'd:
Though small his knowledge, yet his guide was true;
He kept that guide, and practis'd what he knew.

1789.

BEACONSFIELD,

THE SEAT OF EDMUND BURKE.

ALL hail ye woods, in deepest gloom array'd!
Admit a stranger through your rev'rend shade,
With timid step to seek the fair retreat,
Where Virtue and where Genius fix their seat:
In vain retiring from the publick gaze,
Not deepest shades can veil so bright a blaze.

Lo! there the mansion stands in princely pride;
The beauteous wings extend on either side:
Unsocial Pomp flies from the cheerful gate,
Where Hospitality delights to wait;
A brighter grace her candid smile bestows,
Than the majestick pillars' comely rows.
Enter these ever-open doors, and find
All that can strike the eye or charm the mind:

Painting and sculpture there their pride display,
And splendid chambers deck'd in rich array.
But these are not the honours of the dome
Where Burke resides, and strangers find a home;
To whose glad hearth the social virtues move,
Paternal fondness, and connubial love,
Benevolence unwearied, friendship true,
And wit unforc'd, and converse ever new,
And manners, where the polish'd court we trace,
Combin'd with artless Nature's noble grace;
For Nature sways a sov'reign sceptre here,
And boldly boastful bids her charms appear,
Or half conceals in shades.—O let me rove,
Where the still walk pervades the silent grove;
Where various trees their various greens display,
The stately native, and exotick gay;
The setting sun a parting lustre throws,
And bright with gold the wond'ring forest glows:—
Fain would I longer in these glades abide,
But their great master bids me turn aside.
Oh, what a blaze of beauty bursts around!
Deep shadowing woods the distant prospect bound,

Save where th'intruding village spire is seen,
Or sloping hills attir'd in lively green;
The peaceful flocks roam the rich pasture o'er,
And infant harvests boast their future store.
But what is here?—O genius of the grove,
Thy dwelling this:—then let me softly move,
Where laurel bow'rs the calm recess enclose,
And the tall oak, proud of his mighty boughs,
High in the midst a regal state maintains,
While in his shade eternal ev'ning reigns.
Here the young forest lifts its shoots on high,
As emulous with older woods to vie;
While the fair Planter's pleasur'd eyes survey
Her grateful grove her guardian care repay.
Oh! as she walks your balmy blooms among,
Let your sweet inmates pour the duteous song,
Nor, Philomel, withhold thy tuneful strain,
Which now my longing ears implore in vain.

FAST by the forest's utmost verge we find
Nature and Taste a temple have design'd;

Bade useless logs a beauteous pile compose;—
And light and gay the finish'd fabrick rose.
Now a new path the wand'ring step invites,
Where Nature still, though unadorn'd, delights:
There the neat farm-house hides its humble head;
There blooms the orchard, and there smiles the mead;
While the mild tenants of the peaceful green
With active life diversify the scene.
Disdain not in these varied shades to find
A lively emblem of the master's mind:
Though born in life's superior walks to shine,
To grace its private paths, O Burke, is thine.

See where amid the tow'ring trees he moves,
And with his presence dignifies the groves:——
Approach with silent awe the wondrous man,
While his great mind revolves some mighty plan:
Yet fear not from his brow a frown austere,
For mild Benevolence inhabits there;
And while thine eye feasts on his graceful mien,
Think on the worth that lies within unseen,

And own that Heav'n in wisdom has inshrin'd
In the most perfect form the noblest mind.
Like Virgil, prince of Latian poets, he,
Lover of rural life and poesy,
Improves with skilful industry the soil,
Cheers the poor peasant, and rewards his toil;
While the rich stores of his prolifick mind
Instruct, adorn, amend and please mankind.
Friend to mankind he lives, and all the race
Glad would infold within his large embrace:
Nations and empires, modell'd by his hand,
Would with more strength consolidated stand;
Fair Science, by his fost'ring genius led,
Would with new lustre raise her drooping head;
And all the arts of civil life would be
Nurs'd by his skill, and his humanity.

Blest be the man!—and blest is he—and shall,—
In spite of the great vulgar and the small,
Who,—though high heav'n with talents hath endow'd,
With talents scarce to human lot allow'd,

Yet, while the festive board displays its charms,
And sprightly mirth and social friendship warms,
When the sad voice of indigence he hears,
And pain and sickness, eloquent in tears,—
Forsakes the festive board with pitying eyes,
Mingles the healing draught,—and sickness flies:
Or, if the mind be torn with sore distress,
Seeks with kind care the grievance to redress.
This, this is Edmund Burke—and this his creed:—
This is sublime and beautiful indeed!

Much injur'd man!—what though a servile train,
Whose wav'ring souls deserve and hug the chain,
Inspir'd by malice, and by folly led,
With wrongs and insults heap thy honour'd head,—
Thy steady virtue, with unchanging ray,
Shall break the cloud, and chase the gloom away;
Then shall thy foes, with conscious blushes, see
Their country's friend, their monarch's friend—in thee.
Camillus thus, by guilty Rome distrest,
Still felt the patriot-passion fire his breast;
With gen'rous arm her liberty restor'd,
And broke th' insulting Gaul's oppressive sword,

Ye cultur'd walks, where grace and beauty dwell,
Ye humbler scenes of rural life, farewell!
Mourn not your shades dishonour'd by my praise,
Ye shades, which whilom learn'd far other lays;
For here of old, yon waving woods among,
With Waller's strains the joyful vallies rung.
Methinks his tuneful sprite still lingers here,
Still loves these scenes to all the Muses dear;
Still the dear name charms with delightful sound,
And Edmund, Edmund, echoes all around.

And thou, the master of this fair domain,
Vouchsafe t'accept this tributary strain.
To thee the Muse her artless song commends,
Nor fears the fate of what thy smile defends:
She to thy friendship dares aspire, ('tis true)
And claims it as hereditary due.
Deem not base Flatt'ry fram'd the servile lay,
Nor turn thy disapproving ears away:
Paternal care watch'd o'er my growing youth,
And early stamp'd it with the love of truth;
But while they bade my words and thoughts agree,
They bade my heart to love and honour *Thee*.

LETTER.

EDMUND BURKE to MARY SHACKLETON.

"My dear Miss Shackleton,

"I OUGHT not to have suffered myself to remain so long at a disadvantage in your mind. My fault is considerable: but not quite so great as it appears; for your letter went round by the way of Carlisle, and it was a good while before it came to my hands. It ought indeed to have been my care to have made the earliest possible acknowledgment, where nothing more was required; and in a case where indeed there was little more in my power to do than to tell you, in a few plain and sincere words, how extremely sensible I was of the honour you have done me, by making this family and this place the subject of some of the most beautiful and most original verses that have for many years been made upon any place or any persons. They make us all a little the more fond of ourselves,

and of our situation. For my part I will not complain, that when you have drawn a beautiful landscape you have put an old friend of your father's as a figure in the foreground; nor shall I pretend that I am not pleased even with the excess of partiality which has made him an object worthy of appearing in such a scene. The scene itself, fine as it is, owes much to the imagination and skill of the painter; but the figure owes all to it. You great artists never draw what is before you, but improve it up to the standard of perfection in your own minds. In this description I know nothing of myself; but what is better, and may be of more use, I know what a good judge thinks I ought to be. As to your picture of this part of the country, I cannot help observing, that there is not the least of common-place in it. One cannot apply it equally to every country, as most things of this kind may be turned. It is particular and appropriated; and that without being minute or tedious in the detail. Indeed it is a sweet poem; and shews a mind full of observation, and retentive of images in the highest degree. Some of the lines are

not quite so finished as to match the rest, and some time or other I may take the liberty of pointing them out to you; and some of the rhymes hitch upon words, to which nothing (not even you) can give grace. But these are lesser blemishes; and easily effaced, either by omission, or a trivial change. You will excuse this freedom. But in so fine a poem, in which your kindness for an old friend of your father has given me so great an interest, you will naturally expect that I should wish for the perfection which I know you can give *your* work with a little more of *your* care.

Pray excuse this very late and very imperfect acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. I cannot plead business in favour of my delay. I have had a great deal of leisure time. At the moment I write this, I never was more busy in my life; and indeed thus much is in favour of activity and occupation, that the more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our direct task. I am ever, with Mrs. Burke's, my brother's, and my

son's most affectionate regards to you and to all Ballitore, which we love with great sincerity,

My dear Miss SHACKLETON,
Your most faithful,
And most obliged and obedient
Humble servant,
EDM. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, Dec. 13, 1784.

.....(o).....

On receiving the above Letter.

If I am vain, this letter read,
And let it for my pardon plead.
When he, whom list'ning courts admire,
A Senate's boast, a Nation's pride,
When BURKE commends my artless lyre,
I care not who commends beside;
And his reproof I value more
Than e'er I valued praise before.

On a report of EDMUND BURKE's *Death, and of his* SON *having been lost at Sea.*

SAFELY secluded in the silent shade,
Far from the clamour and the toils of state,
No foreign cares our calm repose invade,
One link alone connects us with the great.

FOR Burke we love, and with affection dear
Our watchful eyes pursue his track of light;
And, when he mov'd in pow'r's resplendent sphere,
We bless'd the sphere where blaz'd an orb so bright.

BUT when, with virtuous scorn and just disdain,
From these polluted scenes he nobly turn'd;
Left to corruption and her venal train,
We not for him but for our country mourn'd.

To him each dear domestick joy belongs,
Joys more congenial to his gen'rous heart
Than guilty wealth, amass'd by cruel wrongs,—
Than all that pow'r and splendour can impart.

Oh tell it not:—recall the tidings sore,
Which damp our fainting hearts with chilling breath,
Rude as the blast which ravag'd Belgia's shore,
When the loud tempest rous'd the seeds of death.

What costly sacrifice dost thou require,
Insatiate Ocean? madly dost thou rave:—
Must such a son—the son of such a sire—
Must Burke's sole offspring glut thy greedy wave?

If o'er his head thy murd'rous surge be roll'd,
While youth resists, and virtue pleads in vain,
Restore that treasure; though the corse be cold,
The mounting spirit thou couldst not detain.

Attend, O stranger, on whose favour'd land
The breathless form may wake compassion's claim;
Touch the pale limbs with no irrev'rent hand,
And e'en in death respect an honour'd name.

Paternal tears will thank thee for the deed:—
Paternal tears! when shall they cease to flow?
Oh bind the wounds which thou permitt'st to bleed,
Thou who alone canst heal so deep a wo!

Was it for this a father's tend'rest care
Watch'd o'er his child with ever-anxious eye?
While fost'ring ev'ry seed of virtue fair,
Was it for this his noble heart beat high?

Ah wo is me! that noble heart will fail;
That spirit bows which never bow'd before;
And soon shall Fate prepare the dreadful tale:—
The tale is told—that Edmund lives no more.

Oh heavy news! and wert thou thus to fall?
Was grief to riot on so rich a prey?
And from the deep the deadliest shadows call
To veil the sunset of so bright a day?

While Science mourns, while Liberty deplores,
While an admiring world laments thy fate;
Friendship the silent tear in secret pours,
To virtues which deserv'd a longer date.

When all the shining gifts which Nature gave
Shall feel the wasting hand of slow decay,
And when, in prospect of the op'ning grave,
All that the world calls good shall fade away;—

THAT peace, with which no earthly treasure vies,
Grant him, we cried, when earthly scenes retire,
In good old age to close his honour'd eyes,
And calmly on the filial breast expire!

SUCH meed to such superior worth was due,
Transcending far the notes of high renown,—
What voice was that?—O be the tidings true!—
Such glorious meed his virtues yet shall crown.

'TWAS thine, lov'd S——, the cheering voice was thine,
Prompt to partake or sooth another's wo:
Sweet Prophetess—O may'st thou well divine,
And share the comforts which thy hopes bestow.

'TIS so:—this happy hour our grief repays,
For Burke still lives, still owns a father's name:
His own dear hand the joyful truth conveys,
Nor trusts it to the tardy voice of fame.

YES! we forgive thee freely for the wrong,
(Yet was the deed unkind)—whoe'er thou be,
To whom these cruel falsehoods best belong,
Which pierc'd the hearts that never injur'd thee.

WHILE light and life now fear and doubt dispel,
And the glad theme so many tongues employ,
'Twas not for me my griefs aloud to tell,
'Tis not for me to boast aloud my joy.

BUT while the changing scenes of life remove,
Be mine that patient faith, that equal mind,
Content the good and evil both to prove,
To Heav'n's high will in all events resign'd.

ON A VISIT PAID TO BALLITORE

BY EDMUND BURKE AND HIS SON.

AND what though Winter's herald hoar
Rudely deforms the trembling spray,
The cheerful vale of Ballitore!—
O was it ever half so gay?

WHAT caus'd this sudden strange delight?—
Has Summer turn'd her steps again?
Or does some comet's radiant flight
This burst of loud applause obtain?

MORE radiant than the comet's flight,
More welcome than the summer's day,
'Tis Burke, our "ever new delight,"
'Tis Burke appears,—and all is gay.

O fond illusion! idle dream!
Let not these vain ideas rise;
Will he to Griese's silent stream
Withdraw him from a nation's eyes?

When pomp, and wealth, and fame, and pow'r,
All court him to the splendid seat;
Will he prefer the rural bow'r,
And from admiring crowds retreat?

He will:—that heart no fetters bind,
Repressing mem'ry's grateful swell;
And simple nature pleas'd that mind,
Where all the nobler virtues dwell.

And still he owns this classick shade,
And still this classick shade he loves,
Where once a careless youth he stray'd,
Where now a wondrous man he moves.

With love, with admiration warm,
Behold us fondly gather round,
To gaze upon that princely form,
And hear once more the man renown'd.

His cordial smile our zeal rewards;
His soothing words our hearts engage:
His noble courtesy regards
* The poor man's venerable age.

And he, the youth whose cultur'd taste
A polish'd court's attention drew,
Admires the scenes his father trac'd,
And greets the friends his father knew.

And you, ye blooming stripling train,
This age's hope, this valley's pride,
What honest rapture fill'd each vein!
How beat each heart while Burke you eyed!

* The steward, who was now serving the third generation of Shackleton, who remembered the great Burke a little boy, pupil to his old master, and who had continued to know and to love him, was now presented to this illustrious man, who shook him cordially by the hand, introduced his son to him, and said, in reply to the old man's compliment of "You have many friends in "Ireland, Sir,"—"I am happy, Mr. Gill, you are one of "them.—You look very well.—Am I much changed since you "saw me?"—The old man, whose eyes were dimmed by age, and perhaps by grateful tears, answered that he could not see. Then Edmund Burke, with all that kindness and affability for which he was so remarkable, took up a candle, and holding it to his own face, gave poor Gill a full view of it, and afforded a scene which those who were present cannot easily forget.

"And this is he, the child of fame,
"Who trod our walks from care as free;
"Now Indian echoes sound his name:—
"Like him O shall we ever be?"

Advent'rous youths! such talents rare
Hath prescient Heav'n to few assign'd:
But all to imitate may dare
The virtues of that gen'rous mind.

Here let your just desires be found,
The prize shall well the toil requite;
'Tis only with such virtues crown'd
Such splendid talents shine so bright.

1786.

MILL-PARK.

SERENELY smil'd th'autumnal sky,
The harvest on the hills was spread;
The prospect gladden'd Peggy's eye,
She bade the coursers forth be led;
For we must seek this fairy scene,
Where William's king and Peggy queen.

HER call obey'd, she mounts with speed,
Her cheeks the blush of morning died;
Graceful she rules the stately steed,
By her enamour'd William's side,
Who greets her with such smiles as those
With which mild zephyr greets the rose.

AND Mary join'd the social train,
The joys of friendship fill'd her breast;
And James was there, a sprightly swain,
By nature and by science blest;
How much he knows, and knows how well,
I must not, and I dare not tell.

HIGH on the hill fair Mill-park stood;
The smiles of Nature deck'd the seat:—
But we must cross the rapid flood,
Or e'er we reach the mansion neat.—
The flood is past, the danger o'er,
We smile at what alarm'd before.

O'ER rugged rocks the river pours,
High rise the cliffs on either side:
There the rough torrent hoarsely roars;
Here calmly flows a peaceful tide,
And on its bosom, all serene,
Retraces the delightful scene.

ALL fearless as the mountain doe,
Blithe Peggy leads the steepy way:—
We stop, and view th'abyss below;—
Stay, vent'rous Peggy, prythee stay:
On one false step what dangers wait!
And wouldst thou grieve thy gentle mate?

THE summit gain'd, at ease reclin'd,
We cull the bramble's sable pride;
And call the tragick tale to mind,
When infant lips these berries died:
The tragick tale, through ages long,
Shall last in Nature's simple song.

AH! who can hear their early doom,
And pity's precious drops refrain,
While, wand'ring in the nightly gloom,
They pour'd their guiltless tears in vain?—
Ye faint, ye fall, none hears your cry,
Save the kind redbreast hov'ring nigh.

THE noisy works of busy trade
Too harshly strike the female ear:
The kettle boil'd, the china laid,
We must no longer linger here,
But seek the dome ascending fair;
Neatness and quiet wait us there.

In converse free and unconfin'd
The careless moments glided o'er;
No formal fetters chain'd the mind,
Which the soft bands of friendship wore.
But deep'ning shades involve the sky,
And warn us homeward soon to hie.

Then, Mill-park, take my last farewell,
Adieu for ever, shades so dear!—
But why, my heart, this sudden swell?
Why gushes thus th'unbidden tear?
Ah! have not I a home so sweet,
Where all domestick comforts meet?

Why did I leave that spot so dear,
From which my wishes ne'er would stray,
To feel the pangs of parting here,
Which love of home can scarce allay?
And wilt thou, friendship, sweet and kind,
Afflict so sore the drooping mind?

Oh! who would share thy pure delight,
Must also share thy tender pain:
Then take these tears, they're now thy right;
But when I reach my native plain,
Shall not thy smile, with wonted grace,
Beam from each dear, each kindred face?

A FAREWELL TO THE NORTH.

NOW the long-dreaded hour at last is o'er,
And I have left thee, O belov'd Stramore;
Have pass'd thy friendly gate, not, as ere while,
Soon to return and meet the cordial smile:
The cordial smile the ready welcome shew'd,
Warm from the heart the ready welcome flow'd.

ALL pensive now my courser's pride I rein,
And fondly linger hindmost of the train;
The morning sun now flings his *cheerful* dies
O'er the wan aspect of the wintry skies.
Oh glorious orb! thou wak'st my woes again,
And bidst remembrance aggravate my pain;
Recall the morn we rose with spirits light,
To see thy dawn in summer's glory bright:
Thy splendours then did envious clouds invade;
Now gloomy grief extends her deeper shade.

OH, let me pause and look a long adieu,
While yet this hill commands a farewell view!

Fair on it's brow ascends the lofty pile,
Where art exults in nature's fav'ring smile:
Graceful it stands, with shelt'ring oaks embrown'd,
And eyes superior all the country round.

THERE, where the beauteous hill begins to rise,
Stramore in all her modest graces lies;
Bright through the green her snow-white walls appear;
For neatness lives and reigns triumphant here:
All fair without, all pure within we find,
Such is the place, and such its inmate's mind.
How sweet to rove thy guiltless lawns along,
Where unmolested pours the woodland song!
Along thy garden's velvet walks to stray,
Or where thy thick'ning grove excludes the day!
And when stern winter lays the landscape bare,
Winter—that e'en Stramore disdains to spare,
Then the glad hearth displays its cheerful charms,
The social blaze the shiv'ring stranger warms;
While with the dearer warmth his bosom glows,
Which hospitable friendship here bestows:
He feels his welcome cordial and sincere,
For Affectation dares not venture here;

With all her various forms she flies the plain,
Where simple Truth and modest Nature reign.

THERE, closely veil'd with many a twisted bough,
Retir'd Moyallen lifts her modest brow.——
Oh boast, fair village, boast with honest pride,
The blameless race which in thy shades reside;
Where virtuous actions give the mind delight,
While brilliant beauty captivates the sight.
Hast thou not, Bann, with conscious pleasure seen
Thy nymphs, like roses spangling o'er the green,
Whose buds, unfolding to the ambient air,
As those are spotless, but are scarce so fair?
O beauteous Bann, once more let me survey
The early sunbeams on thy waters play.
Oft have I ris'n at morn my limbs to lave,
With my lov'd Marg'ret in thy glassy wave:
Oh still as now unsullied may'st thou glide,
And trade industrious bless thy flowing tide!
But burst not o'er thy banks with cruel sway,
To sweep the beauty of those meads away.

DEAR, well-known scenes! from you mine eyes depart,
Yet still remembrance graves you on my heart;

And whilst these eyes with fruitless sorrows swell,
This heart forebodes I look a last farewell.

BESIDE the smooth canal we take our way:
All Nature—all, save me alone, is gay.

WHERE yon blue mountains rear the lofty head,
Even there on eagle-wing is Fancy fled.
Rosstrevor's shelt'ring shades has soon descried
Her sea-beat shore, and woody mountain's side:
That mountain steep, from whose aspiring brow
We view'd the spacious scenes outspread below;
With minds enlarg'd the spacious scenes survey'd,
And deem'd our perils past were well repaid.

CAN I forget the morn, when all so gay,
Fill'd with the promis'd pleasures of the day,
Hasty we plung'd the dashing waves among,
Press'd our wet locks and on our coursers sprung?
Joyous we mov'd, for C——y led the band,
Soul of our circle, he th' excursion plann'd:
He lov'd to spread these social joys around,
Which in his heart benevolent abound.

His much lov'd Lucia, deck'd with smiles, was there,
And mild Eliza, as the lily fair:
There gentle William, and his blooming bride,
With happy hearts the op'ning prospect eyed.
Mourne's lofty mountains, to the left display'd,
In crowded group project their gloomy shade;
While on the right the sea's wide waters roll:—
Awe-struck I gaze, and wonder fills my soul;
And D——y gaz'd:——but scarcely here could find
Objects to fill the measure of his mind;
His active spirit Nature's secrets sought:
But chief her boldest wonders fix'd his thought.
Much rather would his ardent glance survey
The bursting fires of Cotapaxi play,
Whose haughty head invades untroubled skies,
While o'er his sides the madding tempest flies:
Much rather would his willing ear attend,
While Niagara's thund'ring waves descend:——
Yet he is pleas'd; for all sublimely now
Slieve-Donard lifts on high his awful brow:
The torrent's stony channel marks his side,
And cultivation dares not there abide.
Along his sea-worn base we take our way,
And far beneath, with fearful gaze, survey

The boundless Ocean with tumultuous roar
Lash the black rocks, and whiten on the shore.—'

WHAT do I see?—what sudden beauties rise?
Are these enchanted groves, which meet mine eyes?
No—'tis the work of toil—but Taste admires
Clanbrassill's waving woods and gothick spires.
Up the rude mountain steals the soft'ning shade—
Oh! there are haunts for contemplation made:
There, by the living spring in secret fed,
The river murmurs o'er its rocky bed;
Now all collected spreads the silver store,
Now down the steep the rushing waters roar:
The guardian-banks their stony sides disclose,
And a deep shade o'er all a solemn cov'ring throws.

A softer scene now Fancy's eye surveys,
Where through fair fields the silver Lagan strays,
And midst embow'ring trees looks forth the Maze.
Let not the sacrilegious axe invade
A century's growth, this venerable shade,
Where the white hours behold, as gay they move,
Louisa's smile reward unshaken love.

And Lisburn near, for beauty far renown'd,
Surveys her plains with Nature's favours crown'd:
High on green slopes the waving fir-trees grow,
And the canal's calm waters shine below;
While on the borders move (a glitt'ring train)
Full many a blooming maid and sprightly swain.

Where, like the ocean's spreading waters wide,
Lough-Neagh's broad bosom hoards the limpid tide,
Fair Lurgan stands; and Fancy roves again,
Where Taste and Brownlow beautify the plain:
But purer pleasures touch the grateful heart,—
The joys which friendship's social charms impart.

And thou, Dungannon, claim'st my votive lay;
Still Mem'ry's eyes thy beauteous seats survey;
On Mem'ry's ear thy Echoes wondrous fall,
Where sev'n loud answers wait the single call.
Here fertile hills lift their bold slopes on high,
And, spread beneath, the woody vallies lie;
While hospitality, with courteous care,
Leads the glad stranger through the scenes so fair:

Not to the parent-soil alone confin'd,
The flow'rs of kindness grace the children's mind.

O hospitality! thou plant belov'd,
On earth delightful, and by Heav'n approv'd,
Wert thou not sent the walks of life to grace,
To shield or solace man's afflicted race?
If his smooth path no adverse storms assail,
Thy beauties charm him, and thy sweets regale:
But should Adversity, with chilling blast,
Fade ev'ry flow'r which cheer'd him as he past,
Thy shelt'ring arms a kind protection spread
O'er the forsaken wand'rer's houseless head.

Now cease, my Muse, for here thou must not dwell;
Bid each dear shade, and dearer friend—farewell.
Still bound to you by friendship's sacred ties,
Though rivers roll between, and mountains rise,
In the calm quiet of my native bow'rs,
Oft shall my thoughts recall these happy hours;
And, spite of parting pangs, with joy review
These hours, which gave my heart such friends as you.

1783.

TO W. F. G.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS LINNET.

O FAIR Aonian Maid, descend;
Assist me to console a friend;
Swift through the yielding azure fly,
And wipe the tear from William's eye,
Who lately heard, from sorrow free,
His Linnet sing as sweet as thee.

LATELY—but now no more shall hear
These "wood-notes wild," with raptur'd ear.
Did he for this the food prepare,
And joy to tend his pleasing care?
His pleasing care (ah luckless day!)
Some envious hand purloin'd away.
The open, empty cage he spies;
Grief swells his heart, and fills his eyes:
The sweet inhabitant is gone,
Nor hears his master's fruitless moan.

But thou, who wrought this cruel deed,
With thee may never Linnet feed!
Thy cage for ever empty be,
And never Goldfinch sing for thee!
May thee no Blackbird whistle near,
Nor ever Thrush with musick cheer!
But Rooks and Ravens croak around thee,
And Magpies with their din confound thee,
Who could'st maliciously annoy
The pleasures of a fav'rite boy.

And yet in vain was all thy spite
To mar his innocent delight:
For though the pretty songster's fled,
The Muse herself comes in its stead;
The comfort of her verse she brings,
And Clio, not the Linnet, sings.

TO THE MEMORY OF S. E.

WHO DIED AT CALCUTTA, 1781. AGED 22.

MY Muse, which erst her earliest bays
On Edward E——'s cold ashes laid,
Sorr'wing, the mournful tribute pays
To Samuel's dear, departed shade.

COMPANIONS of those joyous hours,
When op'ning life bloom'd fair and gay,
Shall not the votive strain be yours?
Must early friendship pass away?

No, seldom are those ties unbound,
Form'd when the heart no sorrow knew;
And if the long-lost friend be found,
Each long-lost scene we glad renew.

WHY would'st thou leave thy native isle,
Fair youth, those hostile seas to dare?
Can those sweet looks, that rosy smile,
Avert the wasting wrath of war?

WHILE on thy form the Graces smil'd,
All brighter shone thy polish'd mind;
Where genius ripe, and temper mild,
And early virtue were combin'd.

YET grief assail'd thy tender years,
Thy guiltless bosom heav'd with sighs;
Unpitied oft the silent tears
Fill'd the wrong'd orphan's beauteous eyes.

THOUGH well his gentle heart confest
Each sacred claim to pity due;
Yet dauntless courage fir'd his breast,
And war her sounding trumpet blew.

HE caught the sound—he tempts the seas,
(And leaves each faithless friend behind)
Where the proud fleet her flag displays
All waving with the wanton wind.

He 'scap'd the cannon's fiery wound;
He 'scap'd the ocean's greedy wave;
His youthful brows the laurel crown'd,
And valour's meed awaits the brave.

O best reward of all thy pain!
And shalt thou seek thy native shore?
A brother's face behold again,
Nor fear the frowns of Fortune more?

Close to that brother's soul allied,
Though fate your lots asunder threw
Far as the bounds of earth divide—
And shall ye meet where first ye grew?

Will ye not then, with joy elate,
Each other's admiration claim?
While both account your various fate;
For each brave youth was dear to fame.

Will you not then the scenes retrace
Of sportive childhood's golden days,
And own a brother's fond embrace
A nine years' separation pays?

Ye will not thus:—ye meet no more:—
Death hovers in these burning skies;
And, distant from his native shore,
His prey the blooming warrior lies.

O eastern regions! Fatal climes,
Where stern oppression rules severe!—
But Heav'n's broad eye beholds the crimes,
The cries of mis'ry Heav'n will hear.

Sure thou, lov'd youth, wert guiltless found,
Though fate ordain'd thine early grave:—
And didst thou 'scape the fiery wound,
And didst thou 'scape the greedy wave,

To sink beneath fell fever's fire?—
Thy warlike brother ploughs the sea;—
What joyful hopes his breast inspire!
For nought on earth he loves like thee.

From western worlds, from hostile lands,
Where battle's crimson banners spread,
He comes:—'tis thee his soul demands:—
He meets the tidings—Thou art dead!

HAS he not heard the rushing foe?
Has he not heard the cannon's roar?
Has he not heard that tempest blow*
Which western isles must long deplore?

THEN why the soldier's cheek so pale?
Why do his vanquish'd eyes o'erflow?—
Oh! never did his heart assail
A sound so dire, such sounds of wo!

UNCERTAIN thus our transient state;
Uncertain thus our dreams of joy;
And when such ills his path await,
Shall man his hapless kind destroy?

YE brothers of the youth so dear,
Who tread like him a dang'rous way,
Accept this tributary tear;
Accept this tributary lay.

OH may you own the golden reign
Of Him who bids each tumult cease,
And hail the beauteous youth again,
In regions of eternal peace!

* *The hurricane in St. Lucia.*

THE WIDOW.

No circumstance of this distressful tale has been exaggerated. The writer, visiting where the widow was a servant, was struck with the extreme dejection of her countenance, and with the uncommonly plaintive tones which she was overheard to sing. Happily for her she sought where consolation alone was to be found, in the comforts of Religion.

'NINE days the mortal wound thou bore,
'And Death with Nature strove;
'And I was on this distant shore,
'Thou husband of my love.

'DENIED to me each sacred rite
'Of mourning love to pay;
'Denied to me the last sad sight:—
'Oh! thou wert far away.—

'WHY was the youth I held so dear
'With ev'ry beauty blest?
'And why such ties of truth sincere
'Attach him to my breast?

'THAT fated day why did we prize,
'Which saw our hands unite?
'Unthinking Love no cloud descries
'In Fortune's glaring light.

'AND why did War her voice abhorr'd
'Lift in our peaceful land?
'And why did he, my wedded lord,
'Mix with the martial band?

'WHY did he trust the promise vain,
'That he should *here* abide;
'Should stay to guard his native plain,
'And guard his helpless bride?

'O ye, who honour's just demand
'So lightly can forego,
'Who tear him from his native land;
'Ye shall not part us so.—

'WITH many a weary step I mov'd,
'Distress my bosom tore;—
'And now a mother's throes I prov'd,—
'And now a babe I bore.

'PATIENT for thee, my infant mild,
'I bore a mother's throes;
'But thou hast cost me, hapless child,
'Severer pangs than those.—

'AND is not yet our journey done,
'Though Britain's isle we greet?—
'My luckless lord! a burning sun
'Must on thy temples beat.

'YON vessel bound for Indian lands
'Invokes the fav'ring wind:—
"Then go where rig'rous Fate commands;—
"I will not stay behind.

"WITH thee I'll tempt the ocean drear,
"And ev'ry dang'rous way:
"This smiling babe our toils shall cheer,
"And Hope shall be our stay.

"AND when the battle rages loud,
"My prayers shall louder be;
"I'll watch thee 'midst the furious crowd,
"I'll tend and cherish thee.'

'But see the war-steel'd chiefs appear,
'Their purpose dire to tell;
'And from the father's breast to tear
'All that he lov'd so well.

'O thou, who didst this doom approve,
'*Ye Mothers all depart!*
'Connubial, or paternal love
'Ne'er warm'd thy savage heart:

'Else had that gen'ral cry of pain
'Relax'd thy stubborn will.—
'Keen anguish seiz'd my throbbing brain:—
'I feel, I feel it still.

'My babe, when ev'ry fond delay
'Of ling'ring love was o'er;
'How light did all the sorrows weigh
'Thy mother felt before!

'Now high in air the streamer flows,
'The sails their bosoms swell;
'While to the husband of my vows
'I breath'd a last farewell.

" And take," he cried, " these garments fair,
" These shall thy wants supply:
" Thy widow'd spouse has now no care
" To please thy partial eye.

" And take this watch of silver fine,
" (My joyous hours are past:)
" When Want shall seize each gift of mine,
" Resign this gift the last.'

' Ye pitying maidens list'ning round,
' I see your cheeks grow pale:—
' Your gentle breasts why should I wound
' With such a mournful tale?

' Ne'er may your tender frames endure
' The hardships which I prov'd;
' Cold, hungry, feeble, faint and poor,
' And far from him I lov'd.

' Oh ne'er may yours these tortures own,
' Which oft my bosom dried;
' While, answ'ring to its mother's moan,
' My trembling infant cried.

'But Fortune now with transient smile,
'As wearied with my harms,
'Restores me to my native isle,
'And to my kindred's arms.

'How short the calm!—Now Rumour flies
'Swift from the hostile plain;
'And Rumour tells, my husband lies—
'Lies mingled with the slain.

'Yet o'er the clouds, which death portend,
'Deceitful comfort stole;
'And Hope, the wretch's latest friend,
'Upheld my sinking soul.

'For sure I thought that free from stain,
'A guiltless life I led,
'And pitying Heav'n would cease to rain
'Such sorrows on my head.

'At least O grant me strength to bear
'My mis'ry now complete:—
'I heard the truth:—I liv'd to hear:—
'And Reason kept her seat.

'It was that fatal day of blood
'On Coromandel's coast;
'When Cuddolore the force withstood
'Of Britain's warlike host.

'That ruthless War permission found
'To make my lord her prey:—
'He languish'd with his mortal wound,
'And I was far away.

'In those dark hours my tender cares
'Might haply have prevail'd;
'And faithful Love with ardent prayers
'Had Mercy's gate assail'd.

'That precious flood of streaming gore
'My duteous hand had dried;
'And friendless, on that burning shore,
'My husband had not died.

'No wonder now my songs are sad,
'And tears incessant flow:
'This heart must never more be glad,
'Tis wedded now to wo.

'Had he I lov'd unfaithful been,
'And giv'n my vows away;
'I still could bear that anguish keen,*
'And for his safety pray.

'Oft in my dreams his image dear
'Returns upon my sight:—
'I wake to pour the lonely tear,
'And sicken at the light.

'Oh! sure my fainting heart had died,
'But mercy sweet I found;
'And He the healing balm applied,
'Whose pow'r ordain'd the wound.

'He, gracious Father, firmest Friend,
'Beheld a widow's moan;
'And taught me comfort's dews descend
'From Him, and Him alone.'

* This sentiment, singular as it may seem, was expressed by the widow.

THE widow ceas'd.—My Nancy dear
Indulgent Pity sway'd;
And to her Mary's list'ning ear
The mournful tale convey'd.

THOU gave the subject to my Muse,
To thee she gives the strain;
And never may our hearts refuse
To share another's pain!

THE INTERMENT OF

VARUS AND HIS LEGIONS

BY GERMANICUS.

FROM TACITUS.

NOT far from hence, the scene of dire dismay,
The forest drear of Teutoburgium lay,
Where, slain by barb'rous hands, the Roman host
Mourn'd their brave countrymen ignobly lost.
Now twice the Sun had trod his annual round,
And still their bones strew the detested ground;
Germanicus, the noble Roman chief,
His gen'rous bosom touch'd with honest grief,
Asks if his troops consent to pierce the gloom,
And grant their yet unburied friends a tomb.
The pious troops the pious act approve,
Inspir'd by pity and fraternal love;

For in this tender int'rest all had part,
Or kindred's ties, or friendship's bound the heart;
Or the disastrous lot of human kind,
Or war's eventful fortune mov'd the mind.

THE deed resolv'd, Cæcina hastes before,
To pierce the wilds, the doubtful paths explore;
O'er reedy pools and treach'rous marshes laid
The bridge secure, or solid causeway made.
Approaching where the melancholy wood,
Hideous to sight, hideous to mem'ry, stood,
The troops with awe the deep'ning shades espy,
And now the doleful solitude is nigh.
They enter sad; and all before them lay
The forest drear, the scene of dire dismay:
There his wide camp ill-fated Varus spread;
Three Roman Eagles there three legions led;
The ruinous intrenchments still remain,
And the chok'd ditch had swallow'd up the slain:
Perhaps resolv'd their desp'rate fate they tried,
And here, as in their graves, contending died.
Behold the open field, a piteous sight,
The field with bones of slaughter'd Romans white!

Long look'd on by the dark and angry sky,
There singly fall'n, and here in heaps they lie:
There, as they fled before superior might;
There, as they struggled in th'unequal fight;
Here in their path are broken javelins thrown,
And there the gen'rous coursers' limbs are thrown.—
O Roman hearts, how wildly throbb'd you then,
When the torn trees display'd the sculls of men!
Oh luckless fruit, and oh accursed groves,
The pious foot far from your confines roves.
Deep in your haunts the savage altars rise,
Where smok'd the horrid, human sacrifice;
Where, by the stern barbarians captives led,
The Tribunes and Centurions basely bled.—
Oh scenes of horror! monuments of grief!
Nor rage, nor pity can afford relief:
Some few surviv'd their fellows' fate to tell,
And point the spot where their lov'd leaders fell.

"We lost our Eagles there, the Roman shame;
"Here wounded Varus mourn'd his flying fame;
"Retreating there, he made the fatal stand,
"And perish'd by his own unhappy hand.

" There the tribunal of Arminius stood:
" The proud Arminius, red with Roman blood,
" Harangued his host; and there his eyes he fed
" With Roman pris'ners to vile gibbets led,
" Our standards fall'n, our glory laid so low;—
" Insulting triumph of a barb'rous foe!"

'Twas thus the troops, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
The long-neglected, pious duties paid.
While all the melancholy business share,
None knew whose bones engag'd his tender care;
But, while revenge and grief his bosom rend,
Beholds them as a kinsman or a friend,
In this sad office, grateful to the dead,
And in th'indignant tears the living shed,
Germanicus took part; and, kind as brave,
Laid the first sod upon the common grave.

Such are thy trophies, with such stains defil'd,
Insatiate War, Ambition's cruel child!
Behold man thirsting for his brother's blood,
Like the fell monsters of the savage wood!—
And shall such hatred in those souls reside,
For whom our gracious meek Redeemer died?

Forbid it, all ye sainted choirs above!
Forbid it, O thou sacred Law of Love!
Perplex'd and rugged is the path of life;—
Then do not plant it with the thorns of strife.

O for that time when War's loud voice shall cease,
When hopeless slav'ry shall obtain release,
And a tumultuous world be hush'd in universal peace!

EPITHALAMIUM.

TO A. S.

WHEN now thy tranquil heart calm comfort knows,
Nor hopes, nor fears disturb its sweet repose;
When now thy cup of earthly bliss runs o'er,
And hardly canst thou dare to ask for more;
When now thy hours in gay succession move,
Blest in the sweet reward of constant love;—
Say shall the Muse thou cherish'd raise her lay,
And to fraternal love the tribute pay?
Inspir'd by Lydia's smiles, the song renew,
The song to friendship and a brother due?
Thus while the needle's task employs my hours,
The busy mind collects her active pow'rs,
In Fancy's fields to cull th'immortal blow,
And weave a garland for thy Lydia's brow.
Flow softly, Griese, attend the bridal strain,
Nor drink the tears of slighted love again.

The flatt'ring groves their tempting smiles put on:
What need we now your smiles? the prize is won.
Ye would not cheer my brother when he stray'd,
An hopeless lover, in your mournful shade.
The waters murmur'd, and the breezes sigh'd,
And Echo sadly to his plaints replied;
Yet to no other object turn his eyes,
Fix'd in his breast his Lydia's image lies,
Oh, then reward the worthy gen'rous swain,
Nor let a constant lover sue in vain,—
She smiles: the chilling snows dissolve away,
And hope's fair dawn foretells a prosp'rous day;
Soft yielding show'rs allay the boist'rous wind,
And Nature learns from Lydia to be kind.
Flow softly, Griese, attend the bridal strain,
Nor drink the tears of slighted love again.

At length the day arrives, the happy day,
Pale Doubt and Envy sicken at the ray;
Where rise Eblana's tow'rs with graceful pride,
'Twas there the happy nuptial knot was tied.
To fair Maria's dome our steps are led,
Where Friendship decks the board by Plenty spread.

There drest in smiles, behold the bridal throng,
Each damsel worthy of a poet's song:
No wishes to surpass the rest annoy
The gentle bosom, tun'd alone to joy;
As in the galaxy, with mingled rays,
The modest stars diffuse a gen'ral blaze.
Flow softly, Griese, attend the bridal strain,
Nor drink the tears of slighted love again.

But see! the bride in virgin-beauty drest,
Led by the Graces, gleams beyond the rest;
As Hesper's charms, in dewy lustre bright,
Excel the brilliant daughters of the night.
Her gentle manners, and her aspect kind,
Are but the mirror of her brighter mind.
See these blue eyes with Pallas' wisdom shine,
Skilful like her the various thread to twine;
But Pallas' sterner air aside she lays,
And on her lip the smile of Venus plays.
Diana's walk, and graceful blush is seen,
On thy smooth cheek, and in thy lofty mien;
Where wisdom, love, and modesty conspire,
The finish'd piece e'en Envy must admire.—

But frown not on my song, accomplish'd fair,
If I to fabled names thy charms compare:
In those blest days when simple nature sway'd
The artless breast, so smil'd the Syrian maid;
Fair as the morn to Mamre's valleys came,
And crown'd the Patriarch's Heav'n-directed flame.
Flow softly, Griese, attend the bridal strain,
Nor drink the tears of slighted love again.

Now the glad steeds are to the chariot join'd,
The rolling wheels leave pomp and care behind.
No vulgar plain expects thee, lovely maid;
Thy presence deigns to grace no vulgar shade:
Dear to the Muses are our genial groves;
There the great spirit of blest Science roves:
Spring flies before thee, and prepares thy way;
A fresher green the smiling meads array:
Ambrosial dews refresh the springing flow'rs,
The budding hawthorn, and the thick'ning bow'rs:
Beneath thy feet the pregnant violet springs,
And Zephyrs fan thee with their balmy wings.
Thy blooming charge to hail thy coming fly,
And on their mistress feast the greedy eye;

While genuine smiles o'er their fresh beauties play,
Already conscious of her gentle sway.
Flow softly, Griese, attend the bridal strain,
Nor drink the tears of slighted love again.

Yes: thou wilt love our valley, lovely maid;
Thy modest virtues seek the silent shade:
To crown these virtues, see! immortal Love
Plucks spring's first treasures in th'unfading grove:
(No wanton boy, whose darts at random fly,
But a bright Being of the upper sky)
Th' eternal buds shall round thy temples glow,
Nor scorch'd by summer's heat, nor chill'd by winter's snow.

Now, Griese, flow swiftly through the happy plain,
And on thy willows let my harp remain,
Till prosp'rous Love awake the strings again.

ON A

GROTTO MADE BY CHILDREN.

BEHOLD this Grot: by infant hands
Compos'd, the little wonder stands.
Here Lydia, Robert, Bella vied
Who best the rugged stone should hide:
Fraternal love their toils beguil'd,
And all who saw their labours smil'd.
The roof with shells and moss inlaid,
And velvet seat, their toils o'erpaid.

WHAT joy the finish'd work inspires!
Unknown to you the wild desires,
The secret sigh, the starting tear
Of him who *stoops* to enter here;
While Innocence, your guardian, spreads
Her snowy pinions o'er *your* heads.

BUT, when your spreading forms arise,
Will you these childish joys despise?—

No: mem'ry still shall fondly gaze
On the dear scene of happier days.
But nobler tasks will then employ
The prudent girls, and studious boy;
With manners pure, and thoughts refin'd,
So to adorn the deathless mind;
So fitly words and actions place,
That those may add to these a grace.
Thus, when your Grot shall fall, you'll raise
A fairer monument of praise!

ON THE

DEATH OF MY AUNT.

WHY on the willow hangs my harp so long?
The fun'ral dirge has oft been sung by me:
Then, dearest subject of my saddest song,
Why am I slow to mourn the loss of thee?

LIGHT sorrows soon dissolve, like melting snow;
But when beneath the heaviest grief we groan,
The soul, astonish'd at so vast a wo,
Stands stupified, and harden'd into stone.

MY dearest Aunt, I ne'er shall see thee more;
No more instruction gather from thy tongue;
No more to thee my trifling cares deplore;——
Oh, cease my heart, with keen reflection stung!

NO: though my heart weeps blood at ev'ry vein,
I'll bring her virtues to my tortur'd mind,
Her patient suff'ring years of ling'ring pain,
Her sweet benevolence, and soul refin'd.

HAPPY the youth intrusted to her care!
Her precepts taught us, her example won:
Happy, if we like her shall persevere,
Like her behold a joyful day's-work done!

GENTLY she chid, and with delight approv'd,
Nor on our youthful errors frown'd severe;
We fear'd t'offend whom we so dearly lov'd,
Who sought our welfare with a mother's care.

FAIR Charity fix'd in that breast her home;
In that soft seat sweet Mercy lov'd to dwell:
And what the poor have lost—that rending groan,
Those looks, that gushing flood of anguish tell.

DID e'er her eye withhold the pitying tear?
Did e'er her tongue the humble boon deny?
Did she to sorrow's tale refuse her ear,
Or fail'd her hand the cordials to supply?

CLOS'D is that eye, that shed the pitying tear;
Mute is that tongue, which comfort could impart
For ever deaf that once attentive ear,
And cold, for ever cold, that gen'rous heart!

When the loud storm disturb'd the peaceful night,
And the tall elm-trees bow'd before the wind;
On those dear eyes did no soft slumbers light,
And soothing quiet fled that gentle mind.

Not for herself she fear'd: her tender heart
Felt for the poor, wet with the wintry rain;
Felt for the tempest-tossed sons of art,
Who plough'd the dang'rous bosom of the main.

See pining sickness on her vitals seize,
And steal that dear, that valued life away:——
Ah! stop thy rapid progress, dire disease,
A little——yet a little longer stay.

For her the widow supplicating cries,
And the poor orphans pour their prayers in vain,
"She who consol'd our woes expiring lies,—
"Can none (though all would gladly) ease her pain?"

Ah me! with what unutterable pangs
That life so dear declining fast I view'd;
While fell Suspense her unrelenting fangs
Fix'd in my heart, and drank my vital blood!

Ye sons of science, skill'd in Pæan's lore,
Say can you comfort's healing balm impart?
What cordial can the fainting soul restore?
Or where's the styptick for a bleeding heart?

I thought kind death my anguish soon would end;
But human reason judges oft in vain;
I saw thee, oh my parent and my friend,
I saw thee languish under mortal pain.

I saw the dreary hour of parting breath;
Saw trembling on thy lip the fatal sigh;
I saw these precious eye-balls roll in death;
I saw thee dying—and—I did not die!

There was the cruel blow!—Death's heavy hand
Broke the fine thread, and bid us ever part:
Lost in convulsive grief we groaning stand,
And crowding sorrows swell the bursting heart.

Oh, what is life, its loss that we bewail,
And to preserve it with such fondness strive?
What—that we should, when Nature's calls prevail,
Celestial shade, desire thee still alive?

WHAT is it, but to drink the cup of tears,—
Through a wild maze of thorny cares to tread,—
To war with passions, sink beneath our fears?—
Oh! what is life, when we behold *thee* dead?

THY loss an only sister's tears deplore,
Her sweet companion, and her earliest friend;
Who hop'd, when life's tumultuous scenes were o'er,
Her latter days in peace with thee to spend.

THY loss a faithful handmaid weeps sincere,
Whose filial love thy mild commands bespeak;
Who, like an orphan-child, with many a tear
Bath'd thy pale corse, and kiss'd thy clay-cold cheek.

BUT still, dear mother, still thy throbbing heart,
And cease, Eliza, fondly to complain;
Had not wise Heav'n decreed this bitter smart,
Your prayers, your tears had not been pour'd in vain.

BUT weak are all our efforts; mighty wo
Soon bears down reason, like a rushing sea:
Who bids the tears of nature not to flow?
Oh! were they tears of blood, they're due to thee.

See Mem'ry leads her fair, ideal band:
Let me embrace the pleasing, pensive guest.—
Oh Mem'ry, cease: thy close-compressing hand
Fastens ten thousand sorrows to my breast.

That converse wisely gay and sweetly grave,
That tear, which soft compassion taught to flow,
These peaceful smiles, which conscious virtue gave,
Wring my sad soul with agonizing wo.—

What do I see? what form divine appears,
Breaks the black cloud, and shines serenely bright;
Her placid eye-lids undefil'd with tears,
Her mien compos'd, and robe of woven light?

'Tis Resignation, by Religion sent:
She comes to lull our bleeding woes to rest;
She comes to bid us not that stroke lament,
Which made the suff'ring saint for ever blest.

There, where the stream of life immortal flows,—
There, where the tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,—
There, where the weary trav'ller finds repose,—
There lives my Aunt: and she shall never die.

Oh, if we gain that blest, that tranquil shore,
Say shall our souls uncloth'd each other know?
Shall long-divided friends embrace once more,
Nor dread the stroke of death, which parts below?

Presumptuous mortal, form'd by Nature frail,
Receive as comforts sent the staff and rod;
Seek not to learn what is beyond the vail,
But humbly hope, be still, and know thy God.

SPRINGMOUNT.

O SPRINGMOUNT, while my ravish'd sight
Stray'd o'er thy beauties with delight,
I plann'd for thee the votive lay:
And now, though distant far away,
My Muse, in humble valleys born,
Attunes the trembling strings;
Nor let fair Springmount's master scorn
The tribute which she brings.

WHEN he, who on a worse intent
Than ever mov'd my Muse was bent,
Through the wide waste of Chaos trod
A long, uncomfortable road;
At length he leap'd the sacred fence,
And bursting on his view
Beheld the blest inheritance
To steadfast virtue due.

So when, in later days, my Muse
(She'll the comparison excuse)
With painful step had journey'd slow,
O'er lofty Kilworth's dreary brow;

At length she reach'd the social shrine,—
The doors are open thrown,
And Springmount, breathing sweets divine,
In all its glory shone.

THOUGH thus compar'd, with diff'rent views
Did Satan then, does now my Muse
An earthly paradise explore,
And traverse all its borders o'er:
An happy pair, with fell despite,
He purpos'd to destroy;
An happy pair, in friendship's right,
She celebrates with joy.

LET us ascend the turret's height,
And send afar the dazzled sight,
Where silver Lee, with rapid glide,
To the broad ocean pours his tide:
His banks, by nature's hand attir'd,
Where various beauties throng,
Seem by the passing ships admir'd,
As slow they move along.

THERE Cork her splendid front displays,
Nor she disdains the Muse's lays;

For where her stately streets extend,
The classick shades their beauties blend:
Remembrance wanders back to thee,
And haunts thy peopled streets,
Where courteous hospitality
With smiles the stranger greets.

Now call thy wand'ring glances home,
Where the lov'd mistress of the dome
Amidst her balmy garden stands,
And tends her flow'rs with skilful hands.
The grateful sweets reward her care,
As though they joy'd to find
Congenial virtues flourish fair
Within their lady's mind.

O rosy Health, thy pinions spread,
And shield from harm that honour'd head,
From noontide heats, and ev'ning dews,
Her pleasing task while she pursues:
Thy smile shall gild the passing hours,
And brightest bloom bestow;
Though western worlds present their flow'rs
On Springmount's hill to blow.

But, Springmount, plants of nobler kind
Employ thy lib'ral master's mind;
An hopeful train around him meet,
And sit beneath his doctrine sweet,
To taste that love, which widely spreads,
Or humbly seek to find
The dew, that solemn silence sheds
O'er the sequester'd mind.

Oh, may that pure and holy fount,
Which issues from the sacred mount,
Long the delightful streams supply
Of gospel-love and harmony!
Long may their host with kindly cheer
His visitants caress;
And, like his Lord and Master dear,
Both break the bread, and bless!

Yet the dread hour is on its way,
(Far distant be the fatal day!)
When this lov'd pair for seats divine
Their earthly Eden must resign.—

Oh, Springmount, how thy charms will fade,
Beheld by weeping eyes;
While grief shall sicken in thy shade,
And load the gale with sighs!

That hall, where joys so pure were felt,
Where open-hearted kindness dwelt,
Oh, may its echoes ne'er rebound
Intemp'rate riot's empty sound!
The mother-vine laments that e'er
Her treasure she resign'd,
To sink the lords of nature fair
Below the bestial kind.

No, Springmount: ever be thy seat
Of virtue the serene retreat!
Time harms not this immortal flow'r,
The fairest guardian of thy bow'r:
And when, to ruin's hand a prey,
Thy mould'ring fabrick lies;
Children unborn shall point, and say,
"There dwelt the good and wise."

LINES.

WRITTEN IN A BOWER.

DEAR, lovely bow'r, to-morrow morn
From thee I haste away:
Say, will the sun with smiles adorn
That melancholy day!

AH yes! the sun as bright will shine,
The flow'rs as gaily blow;
Nought but this hapless heart of mine
Will wear the gloom of wo.

How quickly am I forc'd to haste
From scenes so fair and new!
Thy charms I just began to taste;
Sweet Abbeville, adieu.

WHAT though to me more lovely vales
And sweeter shades are giv'n!——
A pang the parting spirit feels,
Though leaving earth for Heav'n.

RETURNING FROM DUBLIN.

ALL hail my dear, my native plain!
With joy I greet thy shades again;
But far more grateful still I find
That welcome, which enchants my mind.

YET ere I fondly rush once more
To all thy charms, O BALLITORE.
One parting glance allow these eyes,
Where fair Eblana's tow'rs arise;
Allow my heart one grateful swell,
Allow my lips one fond farewell.
What though, all friendless and alone,
Through crowded streets I ventur'd on,
And from rude passengers have borne
The insults of malignant scorn!——
What though, when no lov'd friend was nigh,
I heav'd for village-shades a sigh;——
Yet, when the distant domes I found,
With friendship's social blessings crown'd,
I felt my toils were all o'erpaid,
And sigh'd not for the village-shade.

And when my Nancy's voice so dear
Gladden'd my heart, and charm'd mine ear,
The hours unnotic'd past away;
For then 'twas Friendship's gala-day.
With one reluctant glance, 'tis true,
I bade the stately town adieu;
One soft regret assail'd my heart,
From many a tender friend to part:
But now these parting throbs are o'er,
Now let me fondly rush once more
To all thy charms, O BALLITORE!
For whilst I wander in thy grove,
Or while beside thy stream I rove,
A sweet emotion fills my mind,
Which in no other spot I find.

'TIS *Home*, that dear, domestick name,
Which wins us with so kind a claim;
For transient joys abroad we roam,
But happiness resides at home.
Here, in their simple charms array'd,
I meet the Genii of the shade;
And, foremost of the lovely train,
Content, sweet mistress of the plain:

From the proud hall of state she flies,
And here her straw-roof'd temples rise.
Once more, sweet maid, thy smile I feel,
The wounded spirit skill'd to heal;
And when I lay me down to rest,
Closing the day, which thou hast blest,
The honey-dews of slumber bland
Steep my glad eyes at thy command.
And when night's dusky shadows fly,
And day unseals her golden eye,
Employment then, thy faithful friend,
Hastens thine empire to defend:
Swift to my peaceful couch she flies,
And bids me with the morning rise;
For, foe to sloth, this active pow'r
Admits not of the vacant hour.
Beside her trips blithe Exercise,
In Recreation's gay disguise;
The sportive walk she loves to lead,
She loves to rule the sprightly steed:
The cherub Health stands smiling by,
With ruby lip and diamond eye.
My meager form, my pallid cheek,
Her presence sure can ill bespeak;

Yet do I glory in her reign,
And feel her bound through ev'ry vein.

GIVER of good, whose hand has shed
Such gifts on this unworthy head,
Continue these; and——O impart
The blessing of a thankful heart!

THE MOTHER.

THE family here mentioned were not less respectable because they were in humble life. The attachment of the brothers was remarkable, and the words of the dying youth are expressed here almost *verbatim*. It is not uncommon, when a favourite maiden dies, for her companions to revisit, and new dress her grave, at the end of a month, singing the song of lamentation sacred to the dead. This tribute was paid by her companions to their dear Anastasia. Her lover attended, and her venerable parent, whose patience, though it had been preserved through her sufferings till then, forsook her on that afflicting occasion.

SWEET is the gracious task that Heav'n
Hath to a fav'rite few consign'd,
To heal the wounds which sorrow gave,
And sooth the tempest-tossed mind.

FAIR child of feeling——Anna comes,
With pensive mien and pitying eye,
To wipe the childless mother's tear,
To calm the widow's bursting sigh.

And while she sees distress and pain
The destin'd lot of all below;
To such an ear I'll tell my tale,
Though simple be the tale of wo.

Beneath yon hill's o'er-shelt'ring shade,
An aged widow's cottage rose:
Three manly sons, two daughters fair,
Promis'd her days a peaceful close.

But chief one son, her eldest-born,
A mother's tend'rest cares repaid;
While, worthy of an higher sphere,
His soul each gen'rous purpose sway'd.

Him next in age, in virtue near,
With duteous love a brother eyed;
This pattern fair to imitate,
At once his pleasure, and his pride.

No wild intemp'rance stain'd their youth,
Their nights in guiltless slumbers flew;
Their days in cheerful labour pass'd,
Their kindred souls together grew.

But see where raging Febris speeds:—
Turn from this dwelling——turn away;
The bowl of riot flows not here,
Nor luxury prepares thy prey.——

Ah, fruitless prayer!—her offspring dear,
All on the bed of sickness laid,
From couch to couch the mother flies,
Aghast, astonish'd, and dismay'd.

Where's now that son, her eldest born?——
He sleeps in long enduring night;
His breathless corse by stealth convey'd
Far from his brother's watchful sight:

For 'twas his fond and frequent prayer
To die whene'er his brother died;
And now that solemn hour was come,
The mortal veil is drawn aside.

"Where is the brother of my heart?"——
"Oh let thy anxious bosom rest;
"He sits beside the social hearth,
"Which oft receiv'd the joyous guest."

"DECEIVE me not;—that well-known form,
"I see stand waiting by my side,
"That well-known voice I must obey"——
So spake the youth:——he spake and died.

AND she, the sister of their love,
Whose youth they watch'd with careful eyes,
(Her guardians gone, why should she stay?)
The blooming Anastasia dies!

THE mother saw her children fall,
With decent grief and equal mind;
Thank'd Heav'n that once such blessing gave,
And bow'd, or thought she bow'd resign'd.

BUT now bright Maia's morning came;
Her dawn no festive sports attend,
O'er Anastasia's early grave
The train of virgin-mourners bend.

WITH these the pensive lover came;
With these the mournful rites to pay,
To hang the votive garland there,
And moisten with his tears the clay.

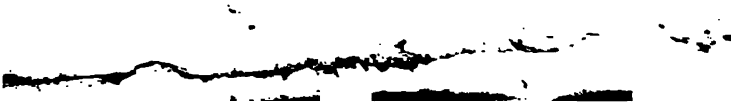
HAST thou not through Hibernian vales,
Observing simple nature, stray'd?
Hast thou not heard the song of death,
Far echoing from the fun'ral shade?

SUCH song they rais'd:—and now they paus'd;—
And now they ask'd, with plaintive cry,
"Youth, beauty, and thy lover smil'd;
"Why, Anastasia, would'st thou die?"

THE mother heard:——the mother came:—
Grief burst its bound:——in accents wild,
Low bending o'er the new-made graves,
She fondly hail'd each buried child.

IF—while her hoary locks she tore,
If—while the wounds of sorrow bled,
At Heav'n her eyes accusing glanc'd;
Sure Heav'n forgave the frantick deed.

AND thou wilt pity, gentle maid;
But never may thy bosom know
The tumults drear, the throbbing pangs,
Which swell the aching breast of wo!



ON THE DEATH OF J. M.

COME, Sally, sister of my heart,
Let us from busier scenes retire,
To taste the joys that thought impart,
And nature's glowing charms admire.

COME, let us, while the ev'ning gale
In balmy whispers softly blows,
Let us admire the golden vale,
Through which the winding river flows.

AND here in sweet retirement laid,
Fill'd with a tender pleasing pain,
We'll fondly view the well-known shade,
And trace forgotten scenes again.

At Mem'ry's call the soul expands;
Nor dares the touch unhallow'd dry
The graceful tear, which trembling stands
In fair affection's glist'ning eye.

But ah! what means this sudden gloom?
What means this shade of sorrow deep?
'Tis Death has faded all the bloom,
And bid the smiling landscape weep.

Where's the good man whose placid brow,
Whose genuine smile—adorn'd this shade?
Where's *honest James?—alas! full low
In Death's eternal slumbers laid.

Oh James! 'tis thee the valley mourns;
The alter'd prospect sad I see,
From scenes once lov'd while Fancy turns,
And looks around in vain for thee.

Thy humble cottage, plain and neat,
The river rolling at thy door,
Thy cultivated garden sweet,
Delight my weeping eyes no more.

But let me drop this duteous tear,
All lonely on thy lowly grave,
The tribute of my love sincere,
A tribute which thou long shalt have.

* An epithet deservedly given to J. M.

WHAT though to thy industrious care
Fortune her golden gifts denied,——
Yet well that loss Contentment fair
With her more precious gifts supplied.

AND sure if virtue bliss obtain'd,
To happier climes thy spirit flew:
No conscious guilt thy bosom stain'd,
Thy mind no hateful passion knew.

BUT see thy widow'd partner dear!
Pensive the lonely grief she pours:
And cherishes with many a tear
"The mem'ry of departed hours."

FOR Fate that knot asunder tears,
In which bound up her comforts lie;
And when twice twelve revolving years
Had closer drawn the tender tie.

BUT still, dear mourner, still thy heart,
This painful path will soon be o'er;
Then shall ye meet, and never part,
In bliss rejoin'd for evermore.

THE

BOWER OF PHILANTHROPY.

PHILANTHROPY, benignant Pow'r,
To thee we consecrate the bow'r,
The bow'r which stands with modest pride
Where Griese's silver waters glide.

FATIGUED by summer's fervid beam,
The maidens sought the cooling stream:
Yet while amid its waves they bound,
Their timid eyes are cast around;
And when again their robes they seek,
Soft blushes tinge the tender cheek;
For frequent here the glances rude
Of passing strangers dare intrude.

BUT fortune led a courteous swain
To sojourn on this rural plain;
Benevolence his heart inspir'd,
The good of all his soul desir'd;

The delicate distress he knew,
And pity in his bosom grew;
His nervous arm, and willing mind,
Perform the task——the task so kind!
Deep fix'd in earth the stakes he plac'd;
The bending stakes each other brac'd;
O'er all the thick'ning brushwood throws,
And soon the friendly shelter rose.
Ent'ring, the eye delighted meets
The table smooth and rustick seats;
While the heart hails, with honest joy,
The gen'rous stranger's kind employ.

Now light of heart, and free from fear,
The smiling nymphs assemble here;
And here, their garments cast aside,
They safely plunge amid the tide.
Long shall thy name remember'd be,
Long bloom thy bow'r, O G——L——!
For here the grateful maid shall bring
The early product of the spring;
No fading flow'rs, but planted here
Their sweets shall crown the infant year.

The balmy woodbine there shall blow;
The twisting hop its clusters shew;
*The plant, which shades the trav'ller's head,
Shall over thine its branches spread.
Attendant youths shall fence around
With graceful trees the cherish'd ground:
Th'aspiring poplar there shall rise;
The leafy chesnut cheer the eyes;
The osier weave its pliant bough,
And od'rous shrubs their sweets bestow;
While the blithe train shall mingle here,
Partaking glad the festive cheer.
And then to thee, in joyous hour,
Philanthropy, benignant pow'r,
We'll consecrate the hallow'd bow'r!

* *Traveller's joy.*

On seeing the Grave of A. W. at Clonmel.

THE subject of these lines, one of the most accomplished persons of his time, died at the age of twenty-four on his way to Mallow. The estrangement of his parents' affections from such a young man was seen with astonishment by his many respectable, virtuous friends, whose endeavours, united with his own, were in vain, to procure the balm of reconcilement for their only son, dying of a broken heart.

ALAS, the sadly pleasing sight!
Here then thy relicks rest;
The ever-verdant turf lie light
Upon thy gentle breast!

No parent at the hour of death
To sooth thy pangs was near,
With anguish mark thy parting breath,
And shed the tender tear.

AH no! his cruel parents' ire
His tears cannot asswage;—
Will you his precious blood require
To quench your causeless rage?

CONSUMING sorrow fades his cheek,
And dims his radiant eyes;—
Will you one word of comfort speak?—
You will not—and he dies!

HERE now, releas'd from worldly cares,
Thy dear remains repose,
Unwept, save with the precious tears
Which pitying Heav'n bestows.

THAT tongue, which chain'd the list'ning ear,
Whence wit and humour flow'd,
Where solid sense and judgment clear
Their steady rays bestow'd;

WHICH oft fair Learning's charms display'd,
And op'd her sacred store,
Death seiz'd: and his dire signet laid
Upon the rosy door.

THESE eyes, which spoke the active soul,
And shone divinely bright,
Their lovely orbs no longer roll
To meet the cheerful light.

THE fine turn'd limbs, the flowing hair,
And ev'ry grace so gay,
With worms a darksome lodging share,
And mix with vilest clay.

OH, W——n, on thy humble grave
May spring's first gifts be found!
May here descending Angels wave
Their golden wings around!

AND be thy gentle spirit blest
Now earthly woes are o'er;
And in eternal glory rest,
When time shall be no more!

1776.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

To T. C.

O THOU, who lov'st the Muse's lore,
O thou, whose heart from guile is free,
O thou, who mis'ry canst deplore,
Preserve my weeping willow-tree.

When gaudy day-light 'gan to fade,
To earth this favour'd plant I gave,
And bade it spread its pensive shade
O'er W———n's long-neglected grave.

So might I here unseen retire
In silence friendship's debt to pay;
Nor of the rustick hind inquire
The spot where W———n's relicks lay.

Friend of my infant years! his care
The bursting buds of reason trac'd;
Intent with fost'ring hand to rear
Each seed of truth, each flow'r of taste.

THOUGH scarce my dawning judgment own'd
Its faithful guard, its early guide;
Yet much his loss my soul bemoan'd;
And when he droop'd, and when he died,

OFT have I stole by twilight's gleam,
And fondly hop'd his shade to see;
And oft invok'd that honour'd name:—
In life or death 'twas dear to me.

SURE thou hast seen, and must admire
(For who has unadmiring seen?)
That form of grace, that eye of fire,
That candid brow and modest mien.

THAT mind which fill'd a lofty sphere,
Thou knew its pow'rs, its pow'rs were great:
And sure thou mourn'd his doom severe;—
Alas! 'twas too severe a fate!

THEN, as thou lov'st the Muse's lore,
Then, as thy heart from guile is free,
Then, as thou mis'ry canst deplore,
O C——, save my willow-tree.

1785.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

THE Elizabeth was wrecked on the sands near Bridgewater, the last night of 1781. Those who took the boat escaped, all who remained in the ſhip perished. Amongst these was an amiable matron returning from having paid a religious visit to her friends, the people called Quakers, in Ireland; also a young man, who sailed with intention to accomplish his marriage.

OH thou pale moon, who lead'st the shining throng,
In silent pomp the sable heav'ns along,
Say why didst thou, with inauspicious light,
Beam on the forehead of that guilty night,
When the tall ship in all her gallant pride
Convey'd her treasure o'er the sounding tide;
Nor saw the dang'rous sands which hidden lay,
Where Death, in dreary ambush, waits his prey?
Her course is stopt.——Ah, what can now avail
The mast fair tow'ring, and the swelling sail!
Her bursting sides remorseless billows cleave,
And tenfold horrors crowd with ev'ry wave;
While Death, slow rising from his secret bed,
Heaves high above the wave his ghastly head.

That was the night, inscrib'd with many a tear
Which, stamp'd with sorrows, seal'd the closing year
That was the night, which bade from many a heart
The gentle brood of treasur'd joys depart:
For ev'ry heart feels its peculiar sore;
And mine shall long remember and deplore
That fatal night, and that o'erwhelming tide,
When L——tt perish'd, and where S——w died.

Oh much lov'd Edith, whose devoted mind
The comfort of domestick joys resign'd;
And left her home in arduous tasks to move,
Drawn by the golden cord of heav'nly love!
Sweet from her lips the pious precept flow'd,
The pious precept in her conduct glow'd;
In her pure heart, as in a sacred dome,
The modest virtues found a peaceful home:
Their beams, which mortal mould could not disguise,
Shone on her guiltless front and gracious eyes.
But chief humility adorn'd her breast,
And with superior lustre crown'd the rest:
Deep in the lowly vale she lov'd to stay,
That vale where wisdom pours her purest ray.

Can I forget with what engaging art
Her winning manners stole upon the heart?
That matron-dignity, with grace combin'd,
That chaste reserve, with social sweetness join'd?
While from her virtuous consort far remov'd,
Whom as her own unspotted soul she lov'd,—
While from her tender babes oblig'd to part,
Whose infant graces twin'd around her heart,—
If e'er her blameless thoughts had leave to roam,
They fled delighted to her peaceful home.
On the lov'd theme how fondly would she dwell!
While tend'rest passions her soft bosom swell!
Thou, partner of her gentle heart, forbear
For her return thus fondly to prepare;
Suppress that ardent wish, that anxious eye,
And crush these hopes which must so quickly die.
Stretch not, sweet babes, your little arms in vain,
Nor of your mother's tedious stay complain;
Ask not your sire if 'tis for her delay
He weeps so sore, and what has caus'd her stay?
Oh he must tell what you must long deplore,
That your sweet mother will return no more!

When Death's cold hand lay heavy on her head,
Nor spouse nor children round the dying bed
Receiv'd, in speechless grief, her dear command,—
Catch'd her last look, or grasp'd her clay-cold hand.
Yet in that hour, your duties to supply,
In that dread hour, one faithful friend was nigh:
O S——w, it was thou! ——Thy gen'rous soul
The near approach of Death could not control.
Though thou wert skill'd the rolling floods to brave,
And dash, with nervous arm, th'opposing wave;
Though the blest boat the happy few convey'd,
And on the grateful shore in safety laid;
When thus t'escape was to thy friend denied,
Pent in the fatal vessel's gloomy side,
Thou left her not, resolv'd her fate to find;
Sure then divine composure cloth'd thy mind!
Yet ere the deadly wave thy soul opprest,
While life's last gasp still struggled in thy breast,
Did not one pang thy mother's anguish own?
Did not thy lov'd Maria claim one groan?
She, widow'd maid, with modest step no more
Unseen and silent seeks the sandy shore;
O'er the white wave directs her piercing eye,
And fondly hopes th'expected sail to spy;

No longer, at thy wish'd return, prepares
To bid thy anxious heart resign its cares,
To crown thy constant love, to yield her hand,
And leave, with thee, her home and native land.
Ah, no!—with poignant grief she mourns thee lost,
With eyes averted from the luckless coast;
On her pale cheek consuming sorrow feeds,
And deep within her gentle bosom bleeds.
Veil not, sweet mourning maid, these wat'ry eyes,
Nor check the tribute of thy pious sighs.
Claim'd by the faithful love, the steadfast truth,
And all the virtues of this chosen youth.

When to thy banks, O Suir, the news was borne,
What tears increas'd thy flood that woful morn!
Did not thy stream refuse to join that tide
Which robb'd thy fav'rite valley of her pride?
O'er fair Clonmel a cloud of sorrow hung,
And S——w's name dwelt on each mournful tongue.
Lov'd in his life, lamented in his end,
The candid, gen'rous, warm, and faithful friend;
The charms of social converse well he knew,
Yet kept the holy limits still in view.

Oh, what a son thy parents best can say!
Thou never griev'd them till this doleful day:
Dear to thy father as his precious sight;
Not with such pangs he lost the golden light.
Fraternal love enlarg'd his spotless mind,
Where precept with example's force combin'd.
While thou, my Anna, pour'st the tender tear,
Sure thou wert spar'd thy parents' hearts to cheer!
Oh! just prepar'd to take the dang'rous way,
But providential care decreed thy stay;
Else had thou shar'd thy brother's wat'ry tomb,
And left thy hapless friend to wail thy doom:
Another pang thy parents then would know,
Another spring had swell'd the stream of wo.
While on thy drooping sire, whom sorrow bends,
Thy yet remaining brother fondly tends,
Thy mother's tears thy filial cares demand;
Approach, and wipe them with thy gentle hand.
See! rapt in grief the mourning matron lies,
Still fix'd on earth her sadly streaming eyes;
While ev'ry thought on her lost darling turns,
In fruitless agony she fondly mourns.
So good old Jacob mourn'd his Joseph dead,
And bow'd in dust his venerable head:

Yet liv'd this long-lost son in foreign lands,
To close his father's eyes with duteous hands.
But not for thee such pleasing prospects rise;
Thy Joseph never more must glad thine eyes:
Cold lie his bones in everlasting sleep,
Hears'd in the caverns of the dreary deep.
Ah, had wise Heav'n ordain'd his early grave,
And youth and strength been impotent to save;
To smooth with tender care the restless bed,
Watch the dim eye, and raise the languid head;
Decent in earth his dear remains to lay,
And all the sacred rites of sorrow pay;—
These duties might have been some sad relief,
And lenient Time had heal'd the wound of grief.
But, Oh! what hand can wipe the bitter tear,
Which rains incessant on th'untimely bier?

Ye blessed shades, a pitying ear incline,
(For sure compassion dwells in seats divine;)
If what the world calls pain can touch the breast,
Or human sorrows reach your place of rest;
Implore that righteous hand which struck the blow,
To pour sweet comfort in the cup of wo.

Thou tender mother, and thou consort kind,
Wilt ask the boon for him thou left behind;
For thy sweet babes, their infant steps to stay,
And wipe the tears of innocence away:
For sure their anguish touch'd thy guiltless soul,
While earthly bonds did yet its flight control.

And thou, lov'd youth, would'st consolation crave
For those whose sorrows swell thy wat'ry grave;
For thy fond parents sunk in grief profound,
For her to whom thy faithful heart was bound,
Thy gentle sister, and thy brother dear,
Whose youthful bloom is stain'd with many a tear.

Oh! if to you the welcome task's assign'd,
To sooth, with hand unseen, each kindred mind;
Whisper, while soft the healing balm ye shed,
"Enough has Nature mourn'd, enough has bled."
Tell them; though, found'ring in the ruthless main,
Ye strove to reach the destin'd port in vain,
Yet are ye landed on a happier shore,
And the last conflict of your souls is o'er.
Though ye beheld tumultuous billows throng,
And near, and yet more near lead Death along,

Still ye possess'd that spark of Heav'nly joy,
Which waters could not quench, nor floods destroy.
Your noontide suns set in a blaze of light,
Nor long could Ocean spread the gloom of night;
For thence they rise, and, with unclouded ray,
Roll in the course of Heav'n's eternal day!

Written at the Foot of a List of Profiles.

FROM sweet Moyallon's modest bow'rs,
To cheer our S———n's lonely hours,
Across the vast Altantick sea,
Pledges of love, we come to thee.
What—though each but a shade be prov'd,
Yet are we shades of forms belov'd;
No higher title we pretend;—
Dear is the shadow of a friend!

Now, whilst thine eye shall fondly trace
The features of each kindred face;
Whilst the big tear begins to start,
And soft emotions swell thy heart;
Oh! could our lifeless lips convey
All that those friends would bid us say,
Then should'st thou hear, in accents kind,
Paternal love with counsel join'd,
Warning to shun the dang'rous way,
Where erring thousands wildly stray:

Then should'st thou hear, in plaintive tone,
Fraternal sighs thy absence moan:
Then should the voice of friendship cheer
Thy beating breast, and raptur'd ear.
But though these sounds no more impart
Pure pleasure to thy throbbing heart,
Let Mem'ry still her sway maintain,
Let soft Affection share her reign,——
So be our voyage not in vain!

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

To Britain's isle a long farewell,
Where plenty smiles and pleasures dwell:
Farewell, ye woods, all waving wide,
Ye vales, attir'd in summer's pride,
Ye tow'rs, which proudly rise in air,
Ye cots, so cleanly and so fair!

Now Cambria's rocky wilds appear,
Her mountains rude and valleys drear;
While solemn midnight rules the sky,
And darkness veils the danger nigh,
Save where the silver gleams display
The rocky steep beside our way;
While the full torrent's hollow roar
Sounds sadly on the naked shore,
And fancy dreads in every shade
The midnight robber's murd'ring blade.

And now we view the ocean wide,
And now the swelling surge we ride:
Loud roars the wind, the billows heave,
Swift bounds the bark from wave to wave;
Opprest with sickness, pale we lie,
And wish for land:——the land is nigh.

Hibernia's welcome isle appears;
Returning health our spirits cheers.
There, seated in her beauteous bay,
Eblana's domes their pride display:
But there tumultuous Folly raves,
And high her torch dire Discord waves.

Then haste me to my native plain,
Where all the peaceful pleasures reign!
Once more my longing eye devours
Her silent stream and modest bow'rs;
Once more the welcome kind I prove
Of friends, whom as myself I love;
Once more confess, where'er I roam,
No spot I find so dear as home.

O THOU, whose kind, paternal hand,
Preserves by sea, protects by land,
Grant us that peace, 'tis thine alone,
To a tumultuous world unknown;
That whether warring winds engage,
Or ruthless human passions rage,
A sacred refuge we may find,
The temple of a quiet mind!

ELEGY,

ADDRESSED TO A. S.

YES! 'twas the voice of grief:——my Anna's tear
Falls soft and silent, like the dews of night,
And, " Why," she cries, " canst thou so long forbear
" Fond friendship's tribute, and Maria's right?

" HER whom thou lov'd—ah! canst thou thus resign,
" Nor pour thy sorrows o'er the breathless clay?"—
My mourning friend, my tears shall mix with thine,
And the just claims of sacred friendship pay.

WHILE op'ning life with gayest prospects shone,
Still heard with pleasure, gaz'd on with delight,
All fair and fragrant as the flow'r new blown,
Maria's charms unfolded on the sight.

WHILE affluence, beauty, wit, and youth adorn
With splendid gifts the dear, distinguish'd maid;
Bright as the living lustre of the morn,
The bloom of health her blushing cheek display'd.

And pleasant was her home;—where friendship dear,
Where duteous love, paternal kindness sweet,
Where all that life with social aid can cheer,
Beneath Maria's smile were wont to meet.

But (ah) how chang'd my lovely friend I find!
Her beauteous eye a languid lustre gave;
Her downy cheek its rosy die resign'd,
And ruthless fate prepar'd her early grave.

Full on my heart the gush of sorrow flows,
Nor can its bounds the swelling tide restrain:—
And is it thus we meet, thou blighted rose?
And must we part, and never meet again?

No more thy wit shall charm my list'ning ear;
No more thy beauty glad my raptur'd sight;—
And cannot all the ties which hold thee here,
Detain thy spirit from its speedy flight?

Round thee the healthful northern breezes blew,—
Was there no healing in their fanning wings?
From Clifden's shade thy silent step withdrew,—
Gush'd not for thee her salutary springs?

PATIENT she prov'd all human help was vain,
Her feeble frame the tossing tempest bore;
Yet wish'd to reach a father's arms again,
And anxious kindred on her native shore.

THAT wish obtain'd, life not another shares.—
What—though her walk with many a flow'r was spread;
Her sharpen'd sight discern'd the secret snares,
Nor dar'd the doubtful path again to tread.

OH say, my Anna,—thou—her mourning friend,
Whose faithful breast receiv'd her latest sigh,
Tell us what comfort did her close attend,——
Bid us assur'd like her in faith to die.

FOR Death his pining messenger employs;
He stalks the desolated shades among:
His with'ring hand the pride of youth destroys;
The bloom is faded, and the nerve unstrung.

THE tend'rest ties he dares to violate:—
Here mourns the husband,—there laments the bride,—
Here filial feelings urge the daughter's fate;
Sinking to earth she joins her mother's side.

THERE for an only son incessant flows
The tear of anguish from parental eyes;
While wintry torrents and the driving snows
Beat on th'untimely grave, where W——n lies.

OH! there he lies——and ev'ry grace resign'd:—
How oft admir'd! how long must we deplore
That dawning genius, and that lib'ral mind,—
That unassuming, modest merit, more!

YE, blameless shades, to happier scenes remove,
Though coward Nature, shrinking from the blow,
Grasp'd at the fleeting objects of her love;—
Ye left a world of vanity and wo.

MAY we, my friend, our steps in safety steer;
Be not our hour allotted spent in vain;
Press through the shad'wy vale with awful fear,
And with these purer spirits mix again!

TO S. H.

HAIL, genial Spring! and thou, my Sylvia, hail!
Come, let us wander through this vale belov'd,
While Nature breathes in fragrance all around.
Escap'd the chains of Winter, the glad herb
Rejoices in the ray:—the timid flow'rs
Lift their sweet heads, and waft the soft perfume;
While on the bough which teems with many a bud,
The joyous birds sing loud.—O season dear,
Parent of mem'ry, oft at thy approach
Ideas lost return:—thou wak'st the time
My Sylvia still remembers; yet the Sun
Has twice since then his annual race perform'd.
'Twas night: the balmy dews in silence fell;
The gales refresh'd the kindly influence own'd,
And through the garden's pleasant shade, my friend,
We mov'd, while on our heads the lucid stars
Pour'd cheerful light; with health our bosoms glow'd,
And blithesome exercise our nerves had strung.
We were not wont to bear unjoyous hearts,
Nor had we cause; yet now with wonder own'd
That neither sorrow, care, nor pain we felt,
But all was tun'd to joy,—and tranquil joy,

Not turbulent: no higher wish remain'd,
Which earth could give, than always thus to feel—
But, Oh, my Sylvia, always thus to feel
Was not for us: 'tis not for human kind.

How smoothly spreads the quiet stream of joy!
Yet, flung by Envy's hand, th'intruding stone
Defaces in a moment ev'ry scene
So fair reflected on its placid breast;
Or show'rs of grief its azure beauties stain,
And all discolour'd rolls the troubled flood.
Alas, my Sylvia! soon this lot was thine,
What time the best of fathers breath'd his last;
What time his mourning children's duteous hearts
Pour'd forth the secret prayer, and would have pour'd
The vital flood to save him; and what time
Thy gentle sister languish'd, droop'd and died.

Oh, my lov'd Delia, on thine early grave
Permit this solitary tear to fall,
To sacred friendship, fond affection due.
We, born together, in this pleasant shade
Together grew, and blameless innocence
Shone on sweet childhood's reign:—Ah had my heart

Retain'd that blameless innocence like thine!
It grew with thee, and o'er thy full-grown youth
Hover'd with angel-wing.—And does not peace
Dwell in that breast where innocence resides?
Why then did Delia droop, and languor dim
Extinguish all the sprightly fires of youth,
And wan dejection with afflicting hand
Oppress that gentle heart?—Ah! well may youth
Droop, languish, and resign each sprightly charm,
When health retires. With aching heart I view'd
The roses fade, which erst with lively bloom
O'erspread that damask cheek; thy wasted frame
With grief I saw; and yet I left thee thus:
To distant plains with wand'ring steps I turn'd,
Where kindred's call, where friendship's voice allur'd.
I left thee thus: but, ah! I little thought
That I should never, never see thee more;
That when returning to my pleasant home,
Thou should not greet me there; but, cold and pale,
Sleep silent by thy honour'd parents' side.
Then, fare thee well, my dear, my early friend!
O may we meet again in happier climes,
Where Peace the undisturb'd abode prepares,
And Virtue weaves the amaranthine crown!

THE

WITHERED FLOWERS.

SOFT, silken emblems of her doom
Who nurs'd you in your earthy bed,
This luckless hand has cropp'd your bloom,
This hand, which writes my Sylvia's dead.

THESE luckless eyes beheld her fade,
Like flow'rs beneath the vernal sky;
So low by blasts untimely laid,
These luckless eyes beheld her die!

OH Sylvia, dear familiar name,
In sportive childhood giv'n my friend!
Let none the fond ideas blame,
Which mem'ry with that sound shall blend.

FOR guiltless was the dawn of mind,
And innocence with cheerful ray,
Sweet hope, fond truth, and friendship kind
Promis'd a long and happy day.

THESE fairy dreams do not destroy,
O death,—the lovely Sylvia spare,
Each varied scene of social joy
So form'd to heighten and to share!

EACH varied scene of social joy
At once the lovely maid resign'd;
Nor could thy wasting hand destroy
That equal tenor of her mind.

OH Mem'ry! call not back those hours,
Which Time's swift wing has swept away:
Fall from my hand, ye with'ring flow'rs!
No longer are ye sweet and gay.

NO: rather that last solemn scene
Let recollection still retain;
Still view that aspect all serene,
Which triumph'd o'er the mortal pain.

STILL feel that calm which sweetly spread
O'er the worn minds that watch'd her breath,
When the dear, struggling spirit fled,
And the lov'd eyes were clos'd in death:—

Clos'd as in sleep.——No alter'd mien
Confess'd the tedious pangs she bore:
But 'twas a deadly sleep I ween,
Our dearest Sylvia wakes no more!

And there, the patient child of wo,
Behold the lonely sister stand;
Meekly submitting to the blow
Which rends another tender band.

Yet is there sweetest peace in store
To heal that bleeding heart of thine,——
That heart, with many a sorrow sore,
Which dar'd not—would not once repine.

Oh, if from realms of holy rest
Thy shade, my Sylvia, casts an eye,
Pitying the friends thou leav'st distrest,——
Wilt thou not wonder that we sigh?

For now thou seest, in native light,
The measure of th' immortal mind;
The narrow limits of our sight,
And the short term of life assign'd.

For now weak Nature's strife is o'er,
Thy precious soul exults on high,
Subject to pain and death no more;——
Well may'st thou wonder that we sigh.

To C. C. on his leaving

BALLITORE SCHOOL.

WHILE thee, dear C——e, thy fate removes
Far distant from these classick groves,
With answ'ring sorrow mov'd, I spy
Thy sobbing heart, and streaming eye.
As, with a sister's honest joy,
I view'd the virtues of my boy,
Fair beaming from his infant heart,
As yet unskill'd in guile or art;
So, long belov'd and justly dear,
For thee I feel a sister's fear.
For now, with anxious mind, I see
The dang'rous path design'd for thee;
No more to range this guileless plain,
Or mingle with yon sportive train:
Ordain'd thy tender life t'expose
To treach'rous seas and furious foes;
Where war alarms the distant shore,
And the vex'd billows foam with gore!

THEE, as some lamb, mine eyes behold,
Chas'd from his fellows of the fold,
An unknown wilderness to tread:——
Ah! who shall shield that helpless head;
While, ever prowling for their prey,
The wolves of vice beset his way!

OH thou good Shepherd, best of friends,
Whose care o'er all thy works extends,
To this lov'd innocent be near,
May he thy voice obedient hear,——
Thy voice, which bids all sorrows cease,
Thy voice, which calls to rest and peace!

THE VISIT.

SOFT link of Nature's pow'rful chain,
Cement of souls, Society,
This joyful ev'ning thou shalt reign;
Thou call'st, and lo, we follow thee.

THE North, the South their treasures lend,
A chosen band of hearts sincere:——
Come, we'll the smiling hill ascend;
For there resides a happy pair.

HERE Nature's various charms conspire;
The stranger's eyes her charms explore:
And some the beauteous babes admire,
And some their beauteous mother more.

To some the joys of former days
Rise glowing; while their raptur'd eyes
Down on the blooming valley gaze,
Where Ballitore sequester'd lies.

"YE roofs, ye shades so long belov'd,
"Where childhood's golden age I knew;
"The rolling years, by time remov'd,
"Methinks these well-known scenes renew!

"YES: these renew'd strike on my heart:—
But where are those companions dear,
"Who in each pleasure bore a part?—
"Alas! I do not meet them here.

"SOME, from these happy plains afar,
"Sleep silent in their early tomb:
"Others the cruel chance of war
"Untimely crush'd their op'ning bloom.

"HERE absence spreads a veil between,
"Which frustrates friendship's longing eyes;
"While those inflict a wound more keen,
"Who slight or scorn her tender ties."

THUS mus'd a youth to Nature dear,
And gaz'd on scenes he lov'd so well.——
If, while he gaz'd, the pious tear
Of tender recollection fell,——

THE wise may scorn, th'unfeeling blame;
Nor blame, nor scorn the deed should move:
The tear is virtue's sacred claim;
And A——l's smiles the tear approve.

FOR not alone 'tis A——l's part
With Wit's bright beam to strike the view:
His better boast a feeling heart,
To honest Nature firmly true.

THEN let the candid bosom glow,
Nor of its tender sense complain;
For all that selfish aims bestow
Cannot be worth this gen'rous pain.

Extract of a Letter from T. W.

MY attention was forcibly arrested by HAGLEY-PARK: I wished to inspect the scenes, which had employed the taste, and possessed much of the presence of the good Lord Lyttleton. It was after seven o'clock when I entered the park: on which I felt something of respect, as if his Genius had still hovered o'er the place. I ascended the high grounds for prospects, which were delightful,—then plunged into the deepest valleys, that seem'd form'd for pensive meditation. Here walks, amid solemn woods, and by the borders of gloomy waters, disposed the mind to a pleasing melancholy. Who could behold without emotion the bowers where Pope, Thompson, Lyttleton, and West had wandered?—where the noble owner and his beloved Lucy had exchanged endearments, and, to heighten the pleasures of connubial harmony, united with the feelings of the heart the treasures of the mind? I rambled alone till near nine

o'clock, and did not enjoy it the less on that account. I have seldom wished for a longer continuance of light: but alas!

Before my work was done,
Among the groves of Lyttleton I wearied out the sun.

On the aforesaid Visit to Hagley-Park.

THROUGH Hagley's sweet borders see W——n stray,
While the beautiful tints fade in twilight away:
Behold him with awe the recesses explore,
Where his spirit congenial had wander'd before:
Where the noble possessor great Lyttleton's mind
Has unbent from its cares for the good of his kind,
And from senates and courts with his Lucy retir'd;—
Which witness'd his anguish when Lucy expir'd;—
Where West sweetly sad, like the swan ere it dies,
Saw Death's dreary mist o'er his morning arise;—
Where Thompson beheld the contemplative shade,
By the varying seasons with beauty array'd;—
Where Pope's living lays, like the Nightingale's strain,
The Echoes enraptur'd repeated again.

STRAY on, gentle bard:—thou no danger need fear;
Sure Rapine and Malice can ne'er harbour here:
Stray on; though the woods darkly thicken around,
And solitude lonely possesses the ground!

Thus some future trav'ller may cast his fond eyes,
Where *Enway's delightful enclosures arise:
And with feelings like thine may contemplate the shade,
Where the Virtues and Muses together have stray'd.

* *T. W's residence.*

On the Death of my beloved Father.

" RELUCTANT now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn."

TICKELL.

AH! blame me not, if on the mournful lyre
Once more my melancholy hand I lay;
Heart-piercing sorrows deep complaints inspire,
Let me the dictates of my grief obey!

OH, my lov'd sire, thou kind, thou partial friend,
Thy shelter from our hapless heads is torn,
Thy shelter form'd to cherish and defend;
Now we through life must think of thee, and mourn.

ROUND the wide world in vain we cast our eyes,
A father's love, a father's care to find:
Low in the dust the tend'rest father lies,
And o'er his grave bleak blows the wintry wind.

Joyous return'd from labours rich with love,
The dear embrace we'll interchange no more;
No more with gladsome steps delighted move,
To hail thee at the lov'd paternal door.

No more to feast upon thy converse sweet,
Beneath the sunshine of thy cordial smile;
No more that sacred sympathy to meet,
Which the sad heart could of its woes beguile.

No more, at silent eve's returning hour,
Close from thy happy family retir'd,
No more with awe I steal to yonder door,
And hear the sounds which Piety inspir'd.

For there thy secret soul was pour'd in prayer,
Then when thou thought no mortal heard those sighs:
Ah, such as, kindled by a heart sincere,
Sweet-smelling incense, with acceptance rise!

Throughout the circle of the blameless day,
The influence of that holy hour was shed;
Thy cheerful spirit felt serenely gay,
And peaceful slumber hover'd o'er thy bed.

For gifts which bounteous Providence bestow'd,
And unremitted industry had won,
Thy grateful heart with sweet sensations glow'd,
And of thy varied comforts lost not one.

And if Affliction pour'd her bitter flood,
Though keenly felt thy gentle soul the pain,
Patient in tribulation firm thou stood;
Unwont wert thou of suff'ring to complain.

Thy lib'ral hand obey'd thy heart sincere;
No selfish fears the gen'rous boon confin'd:
Safe in protecting Providence's care,
To that thy wants and wishes were resign'd.

Thou lov'd the youth; they joy'd thy love to share;
No frown austere the timid mind deprest:
Grateful they felt thy soft, paternal care,
And laid their thoughts as on a father's breast.

Thou liv'd the precept thou so often taught;
And, in the tranquil day of quiet rest,
The place of sacred refuge early sought,
As the wise Halcyon builds in calms her nest.

Fill'd with fraternal love for all thy kind,
Thy life and lip distill'd instruction sweet;
The christian and the social virtues join'd
To make thy shining character complete.

But while we gaze, with filial feelings warm,
How sudden art thou ravish'd from our sight!
Never again to view that gracious form,
Save in the visions of the mournful night!

The faithful, fond companion of thy life,
The tender sharer of thy joy or pain,
How did her soul support the fatal strife,
When nature's tend'rest bonds were rent in twain!

Oh, who could bind that wound, so deep, so wide!
Oh, who the smart of sorrow could allay!——
'Twas He—in early youth her chosen guide:
'Twas He—in feeble age th'unfailing stay.

Ah, didst thou leave her, and thy pleasant home?——
Ere yet nine days their hasty course had made,
How diff'rent thy return to that sad dome,
A clay-cold corse within thy coffin laid!

THOU chosen of my heart, my gentle mate,
Thou lost the sire so lov'd, so lately won;
Whilst with respect and love thy heart replete
Glow'd with the feelings of a duteous son.

THY wish denied to tend the dying bed,
From the dear lip instruction sweet to gain,
Ev'n to behold that cheek when life was fled,——
How was thy spirit wrung with piercing pain!

SAFE from the tumults of terrestrial strife,
Securely centred in eternal rest,
Say, shall we wish to lengthen weary life,
And still on earth detain th'unwilling guest?

YET shrinking nature dreads the orphan'd state,
Begs for a mother's life with selfish prayer:——
Oh, grant her drooping days a longer date,
And to our tears our mourning parent spare!

1792.

LETTER

From EDMUND BURKE *to* MARY LEADBEATER; *on the Death of her Father* RICHARD SHACKLETON.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AFTER some tears on the truly melancholy event, of which your letter gives me the first account, I sit down to thank you for your very kind attention to me, in a season of so much, and so just sorrow to yourself. Certainly my loss is not so great as yours, who constantly enjoyed the advantage and satisfaction of the society of such a companion, such a friend, such an instructor, and such an example: yet I am penetrated with a very sincere affliction; for my loss is great too. I am declining, or rather declined in life, and the loss of friends, at no time very reparable, is impossible to be repaired at all in this advanced period. His annual visit had been for some years a source of satisfaction that I cannot easily express. He had kept up the fervour of youthful affections; and his vivacity and cheerfulness, which made his early

days so pleasant, continued the same to the last: the strictness of his virtue and piety had nothing in it of morose or austere; and surely no life was better, and (it is a comfort for us to add) more happily spent than his. I knew him from the boyish days in which we began to love each other.

His talents were great, strong and various: there was no art or science to which they were not sufficient in the contemplative life; nor any employment that they would not more than adequately fill in the active. Though his talents were not without that ambition which generally accompanies great natural endowments, it was kept under by great wisdom and temperance of mind; and though it was his opinion that the exercise of virtue was more easy, its nature more pure, and its means more certain in the walk he chose, yet in *that* the activity and energy, which formed the character of his mind, were very visible. Apparently in a private path of life, his spirit was publick. You know how tender a father he

was to children worthy of him by their genius and their virtue;****yet he extended himself more widely; and devoted a great part of his time to the good of that society, of no mean extent, of which the order of the Divine Providence had made him a member. With a heart far from excluding others, he was entirely devoted to the benefit of that society, and had a zeal very uncommon for every thing which regarded its welfare and reputation; and when he retired, which he did wisely and in time, from the worthy occupation which he filled in a superior manner, his time and thoughts were given to that object. He sanctified his family benevolence, his benevolence to his society, and to his friends, and to mankind, with that reference in all things to the Supreme Being, without which the best dispositions and the best teaching will make virtue, if it can be at all attained, uncertain, poor, hard, dry, cold and comfortless.

Indeed we have had a loss. I console myself under it, by going over the virtues of my old

friend, of which I believe I am one of the earliest witnesses, and the most warm admirers and lovers. Believe me, this whole family, who have adopted my interest in my excellent departed friend, are deeply touched with our common loss, and sympathize with you most sincerely.

My son is just arrived in Dublin. My wife is not very well, and is preparing for a journey to Bath, which I trust will re-establish her. My brother, who will hear this news with a sorrow equal to mine, is now at Cheltenham for the benefit of these waters.

Compose yourself, my dear Madam, you have your work to do.***Pray remember me to the gentleman I have not the honour of knowing, but whose happiness you make. Thank, for me, my worthy friend Abraham for his good-natured letter; and beg him to consider it as answered in this. I hope you will assure my dear friend Mrs. Shackleton, the worthy wife of my late invalua-

ble friend, that we sympathize cordially in all she feels; and join our entreaties to yours, that she will preserve to you as much as possible of the friend and parent you have lost.

I am,

With unfeigned respect and affection,

My dear Madam,

Your most faithful friend,

And obedient, humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Beaconsfield,
Sep. 8, 1792.

ON MY

FATHER's PORTRAIT.

SHADE of my sire, thou lookest not
Upon thy children here,
Assembled round the festive board,
With blameless mirth and cheer.

STOL'N is the glance which seeks that face,
And stifled is the sigh;
Lest grief should wring a brother's heart,
Or fill a sister's eye.

THOU, wont to join the social band,
And give and take delight;
Enliv'ning wit, and wisdom's lore
So fitted to unite!

No more the dear, paternal glance,
Cast fondly round we see;
No more the little rising race
Embrace the grandsire's knee.

THE silent canvass there displays
The features ever dear:
But ah! sweet shade, thou lookest not
Upon thy children here.

OH then from thy celestial rest
In holy pity bow;
Look down on those so dearly lov'd,
Our guardian angel thou!

BEHOLD thy fond, thy faithful mate,
With worth, with talents grac'd,
Her active, cultivated mind
Become a barren waste.

THUS talents fall:—but worth survives;
And, when life's day is o'er,
Triumphant to its native seat
The spirit shall restore.

TO

PEACE.

O PEACE, thine attribute to bless
Angels and men agree:
Though man thy favour forfeits oft,
At heart who loves not thee?

The virtue of thy pow'rful name
Restrains the tide of blood;
While, oh! thy spirit, meek and kind,
Is little understood.

'Tis thou, who bid'st the troubled heart
O'ercharg'd with grief, be still:
'Tis thou, dost smooth life's rugged path,
And good extract from ill.

'Tis thou, who art the rich reward
Of ev'ry duty done;
Dispel'st the clouds of doubt, with rays
Bright as the morning sun.

Not to the seaman tempest-tost,
Who sits him down to weep,
The tranquil calm more grateful spreads
Upon the boiling deep:——

Not to the trav'ller, faint and sad,
Wand'ring by night forlorn,
Through breaking clouds more radiant shines
The golden light of morn:——

Not to the sick and throbbing brain,
With fever's rage opprest,
More welcome is the soft return
And honey-dew of rest:——

Than o'er the mind, benighted, tost,
And sore with sorrow's sting,
When Peace her healing balsam pours,
And spreads her shelt'ring wing.

The world can nought like this bestow;
No tongue the joy can tell:—
Then will the favour'd mind revolt,
Or e'er again rebel?

I ask not fame, I ask not wealth;
They ne'er can purchase thee;
But that my heart thy sacred shrine
For evermore may be!

THOU, kind protectress, guard my path
From ev'ry form of strife;
And lead me by thy gentle hand,
Through the low vale of life.

FOR never sure wilt thou regard
The proud, contentious mind;
And sordid slaves of earthly cares
Shall not thy favour find.

THEN, when the last dread hour shall come,
Thy smile shall gild the scene,
And even death's dark vale illume
With prospects all serene.

THE

RUINED COTTAGE.

YE trees, does your foliage delay,
Refusing to veil with its shade
That spot—once so cheerful and gay,
That cottage—in ruin now laid?

WHILE others arise on the plain,
These walls in sad silence repose;
As never expecting again
Such social delights to enclose.

FAIR decency, cheerful content,
By industry honest were won:
Here quiet his days Owen spent,
And counted these blessings his own.

HIS forge knew no weapons of blood,
Devoted to peaceful employ;
The stranger partook of his food,
Nor want chill'd the bosom of joy.

YET, torn from his babes, and his home,
From his consort so fond and so fair,
He must change, for a prison's dark gloom,
This balmy, salubrious air.

HER infant new-born at her breast,
His Doro beheld him depart;
She sunk, with her sorrows opprest,
(Ah more—thou must ten times more smart!)

"And O if the lashes", she cried,
"My Owen be forc'd to endure,
"With his blood if the scourges be died,
"His life will sink under it sure!"

SEE her Owen returning again,
His neighbours all smiling around,
His innocence free from a stain,
And no lash has inflicted a wound!

How chang'd the glad prospect, how soon!
See the clouds of Rebellion arise!
The prison had then been a boon
Most grateful to Owen's sad eyes.

WHAT, though from the maddening train,
As soon as he might he retir'd;
In his cottage resolv'd to remain,
While innocence courage inspir'd!

BUT innocence cannot avail,
When danger like this is so nigh:
This Doro, all weeping and pale,
Revolv'd, and implor'd him to fly.

FOR see, breathing vengeance and dread,
The disciplin'd armies appear;
The bands so tumultuous are fled,
And the cannon's dire thunder they hear!

BUT resolv'd in his cottage to stay,
In his cottage mild Owen they found;
Like furies they seize on their prey,
And his bosom receives the death wound.

THE firebrands his dwelling invade,
The smoke—it ascends to the sky;
There innocence injur'd may plead!
There heard is the sufferer's cry!

THEN Doro, her infants around,
Beheld her lov'd home wrapt in fire;
They heard the explosion's dread sound,
And in agony call'd on their sire.

HER stores by hard industry gain'd,
To rapine and flames were a prey:
But ah—if her Owen remain'd,
Of how little value are they!

SHE darts through the furious crowd,
Resolving his fate to explore:
She calls on her Owen aloud;—
She sees him—all bath'd in his gore!

OH then, on his corse as she lay,
Her babe all unconscious beside,
In vain she invok'd the cold clay;
Her Owen no longer replied.

THE warriors, reproach'd by her moans,
Their bosoms all poison'd with strife,
With insults reply to her groans,
And threaten her innocent life.

Oh what was her life in that hour!—
The load she had gladly resign'd;
Nor insults, nor threats could have pow'r
To quell the fierce pangs of her mind.

She lives for her fatherless train,
She lives, though her comfort is dead,
Chill poverty's gripe to sustain,
And strive for a morsel of bread.

Humanity weeps at the tale;
Yet frequent such scenes will appear,
Till Concord's soft voice shall prevail,
Which angels delighted will hear.

TO I. S.

SOFT o'er the vale of Ballitore
The gale of peace was wont to blow;
Till Discord rais'd her direful horn,
And fill'd the shades with sounds of wo.

THE blood-stain'd earth, the warlike bands,
The trembling natives saw with dread:
Dejected Labour left her toil,
And summer's blithe enjoyments fled.

BUT see! th'avenging sword is sheath'd,
And Mercy's voice is heard at last:—
How sweet, beside the winter's fire,
To ponder on the perils past!

AH think not yet your trials o'er:—
From yonder mountain's hollow side
The fierce banditti issue forth,
When darkness spreads her curtain wide.

With murd'rous arms and haggard eyes,
The social joys away they fright;
Sad expectation clouds the day,
And sleep forsakes the fearful night.

Now martial troops protect the vale,
At distance prowl the ruffian band:
O Confidence, thou dearer guard,
Why hast thou fled this luckless land?

We droop, and mourn o'er many a joy,
O'er many a friend to dust consign'd:
Yet ev'ry comfort is not fled,——
Behold, another friend we find!

Lo! Juliet comes to grace the plain,
And friendship claims the precious prize:
She grants the claim,—nor does her heart
The children of the vale despise.

Though polish'd life, with ev'ry charm,
To her its brilliant scenes display'd;
Though form'd to ornament a court,——
She deigns to dignify the shade.

But shades more worthy of the guest
From us this precious prize require;
Guiltless of blood, with quiet blest,
Where Truth's own bard attunes his lyre.

Where Clarkson for the helpless pleads,
Where Nature's charms majestick rise,
And broad Ullswater's beauteous lake
Gives back the mountains, woods and skies;—

There Juliet, may thy lovely maids
Their pencils' wondrous art employ;
While each acquirement gives the pow'r
T'increase their tender parents' joy.

Unknown to dissipated minds
The joys their gentle bosoms know:
'Tis *theirs* to turn the classick page,
'Tis *theirs* to melt at others' wo.

And there, releas'd from war's alarm,
May thy lov'd lord delighted rove,
And lay the radiant scarf aside,
Dear pledge of Juliet's anxious love!

LIKE the bright dames of other days,
She fram'd the web of crimson stain,
To grace her hero's form, or bear
Her hero wounded from the plain.

AND still, dispensing kindness round,
The happy household shall unite;
While, from amid surrounding bow'rs,
Their virtues beam with native light.

AND in your comfort we shall joy,
While Fancy views your dear retreat;
Though Juliet's eye, and Juliet's smile,
No more our gladden'd sight shall meet.

WHAT though the tender tear shall start,
And soft regret the sigh shall send!—
Yet shall our conscious hearts exult
In the rich gift of such a friend.

For R. S.'s Watch,

Which had belonged to his Grandfather.

DESPISE me not, ingenuous boy,
Nor change me for a modern toy:
Oh, think of him who wore me long,
Nor do my oft-tried merit wrong.
So may thy hours like his be past;
Then need thou never dread the last!

TO E. G.

SWEET sang the birds, green wav'd the boughs,
The flow'rs bloom'd fair to see,
When bright Eliza gave the hours
To friendship and to me.

UNCHANG'D her heart, unalter'd mine,
With answ'ring throbs they swell;
Ah, how delightful thus to meet!
How sweet to love so well!

SWIFT pass the hours, and from our eyes
The social band retreats:
But mem'ry dwells upon the past,
And feeds on hoarded sweets.

'TWAS not the voice of duty urg'd
Thus hasty to remove;
No, 'twas the soft, the tender call
Of fondest filial love!

THEIR pious, venerable sire
Hangs tott'ring o'er the grave;
While the fond arms extend around,
The precious life to save.

AND there my gentle Nancy hears
The wail of want and wo;
And bids the wild, untutor'd breast
With useful knowledge glow.

SUCH are your cares: such cares as these
Ennoble human kind;
And ever be *your* sweet reward
The self-approving mind!

n W. L's *Recovery from a Fever.*

HAIL, thou returning year, for ne'er
So brightly smil'd this annual day;
And never let my joyous heart
The grateful tribute cease to pay!

FOR on this day my partner dear,
The father of my infant train,
The tender husband of my love,
Lifts up his head in hope again.

As from the jaws of death redeem'd,
And raging Febris put to flight;
So peaceful beams the balmy morn,
After a long, tempestuous night.

AH me, what anguish rack'd thy frame!
Ah me, what tortures tore my heart!
While glided on the awful hours
With threat'ning view that we must part!

I look'd around, but comfort fled;
The flatt'rer Hope I strove to shun:
How hard to keep the quiet state!
How hard to say, Thy will be done!

While spasms convulsive stretch'd the nerves,
Fierce throbs the manly bosom tore;
High glow'd the cheek, wild roll'd the eyes,
In humid sweetness bath'd no more.

Then Patience, meek, celestial guest,
Her sacred influence sweetly prov'd;
And constant then, 'midst ev'ry pain,
Thy friends, thy consort, were belov'd.

'Twas then was tried thy kindred's love;
'Twas then thy faithful friends were tried;
Then Pæan's sons display'd their lore,
And stepp'd with Nature side by side.

And O may you, who shar'd our pain,
Whose hearts with ours responsive beat,
(What more can gratitude desire?)
Like love, like skill, like friendship meet!

TO

A FRIEND,

On her Marriage.

JOYFUL rise the glist'ning morn,
Swift the white-wing'd minutes move,
Nature's smiles the hour adorn,——
William gains his plighted love.

SHE, whose image from his heart,
While her graceful form unseen,
Time and distance join'd to part,
And th'Atlantick flow'd between!

VAINLY flow'd th'Atlantick wave,
Time and distance join'd in vain;
Love can ev'ry danger brave,
True love will unchang'd remain.

LET me hail thee, gentle bride!
For my conscious heart has prov'd
Soft the band which friendship tied,
Sweet to love and to be lov'd.

To the scenes our childhood lov'd,
  Trac'd by Mem'ry's wistful eye,
Oft has pensive Fancy rov'd,
  And awak'd the tender sigh.

Sweet companions of those hours,
  Oft on them our thoughts shall dwell,
How they bloom'd like vernal flow'rs,
  How like vernal flow'rs they fell!

Transient thus all temp'ral good,
  Let th'immortal spirit press
For the soul-sustaining food,
  Which shall ev'ry blessing bless.

TO AN

ABSENT FRIEND.

ON Caledonia's distant shore
While yet my lov'd Belinda strays,
Deep in the groves of Ballitore,
Her Mira frames the artless lays.

RETURN, Belinda, kindred calls;
Return, Belinda, friendship cries;
Haste to our arms, and leave those walls,
Where proud Edina's turrets rise.

THOU tender wife, and gen'rous friend,
At Love's and Duty's mild command,
Thy William's wand'rings would'st attend,
And leave thy pleasant, native land.

HE goes to seek the mystick store,
Which Pæan's sons in secret hide;
And better shall he learn their lore,
While thou sitt'st smiling by his side.

But now the third long summer dawns;
O shall not this his toils complete?——
Then haste to greet your laughing lawns,——
Then haste your faithful friends to greet.

Yet ere from thence she turns her eyes,
Where many a tender pang was known,
To yonder grave Belinda flies,
To pour a mourning mother's moan.

"Farewell, my babe! the rosy morn
"Could not thy op'ning charms excel:——
"Soon from thy parents' bosom torn,
"My babe, for ever fare thee well!"

O weep no more, Belinda lov'd;
Another babe demands thy care:
And who the sweets of life has prov'd,
Its sorrows too must learn to bear.

THE

SUMMER-EVENING's REVEL.

HOW still the eve! how calm the sky!
What! is the breeze afraid to sigh?
How gaily smiles the garden's pride,
In the rich hues of Nature died!
The sweets the flow'rs and shrubs exhale
With fragrance load the balmy gale:
The balmy gale—where does it stray?
Oh, to these trees with blossoms gay,
Whose twisting branches, wide display'd,
Repel the sun with grateful shade.

BENEATH the festive board is plac'd,
The board with glitt'ring china grac'd,
Surrounded by so bright a train,
Methinks I see th'Arcadian plain!
There, like the doves which hover nigh,
Sits P—— with blooming Peggy by,
Brilliant, as when glad Hymen came
Lately to crown their virtuous flame;

A flame which, burning still more bright,
Adds lustre to the nuptial rite.
Good-humour'd Sally, tall and fair
As Dian's roving maids, was there:
L——r, mild as ev'ning dew,
And, bright as Hesper, R——n too.
Eliza (in whose serious eye
Sense, judgment and discretion lie)
And Mary, with contented mind,
Come sweetest pleasure here to find;
And William, tir'd with musty books,
Here brightens up his studious looks.
Their carpet was the verdant ground;
The thrush and blackbird sang around:
All seem'd the gen'ral joy to share,
Far fled pale grief and wasting care,
For youth, and health, and love were there.
And see, to keep our spirits up,
Alicia brings the foaming cup,
Fill'd with rich tribute of the kine,
Exalted by the gen'rous wine,
Sweeten'd by India's dulcet canes,—
Call'd Sillabub by simple swains.

They rise, their rural banquet made,
And leave the garden's pleasant shade:
Where, smiling wand'rers, will ye stray?——
O'er the steep hills they take their way;
The hills, which Nature's frolick hand
With careless pencil rudely plann'd;
While at their feet, in lowly guise,
Like modest worth, the valley lies.——
Why do ye stand and gaze around,
And think ye tread on fairy ground?
No magick bade those waters flow,
And the wide-waving willows grow;
These pigmy walks, and shady seat,
Were form'd for more than fairy feet:
A peasant poor, with dint of toil,
Reclaim'd the marshy, barren soil;
Taught the dull waters where to flow,
And bade the waving willows grow.
Amidst the labours of his hands,
O'erlooking all, his cottage stands:
His trusty dog, no fawning cheat,
Guards the low door with surly state.

Oh lovely maid, Contentment sweet!
The green grass knows thy printed feet:
Breaking from Dissipation's arms,
Thou in the shade display'st thy charms.
Not such delights Ambition wait,
Under the canopy of state,
Lull'd by sweet musick's softest strain,——
As those thou giv'st the homely swain,
When, stretch'd at careless ease, he lies
Beneath the shade he taught to rise;
While on the bough the linnet sings,——
Oh! these are joys unknown to kings.

Pleas'd with their walk, the sportive train
Descend the hill, and seek the plain.
Below the various landscape lies;
The landscape charms the gazing eyes,
The groves, the fields, the gardens gay,
And Griese, whose silver waters stray:
Untir'd the pleasing scenes they view,
For ever fair, for ever new.

Now twilight's dusky shades extend;
The silent dews of night descend:
The dews of night your health may harm,
And without health what scenes can charm?
Then seek the mansion, leave the plain;
Yon awful cloud is big with rain.

THESE are our simple village pleasures,
Sweet employments, guiltless leisures,
Joys that please e'en when they're o'er;
These are thy joys, O Ballitore!

1779.

THE

SUMMER-MORNING's DESTRUCTION.

NOW falls the thick-descending rain,
Where late the hostile squadron stood:
Ye show'rs, ye have not wash'd the stain
Of lost Horatio's precious blood.

THE earth, which drank his blood so dear,
The earth his murder will not hide,
And torn Maria's streaming tear:——
O shall these tears be ever dried?

THE tender pledges of their love
In life's first dawn feel sorrow's smart;
And, whilst a parent's loss they prove,
Keen anguish wrings the infant heart.

HER trumpet dire Bellona blows;
The echoing hills repeat the sound:
With blood the blighted valley flows,
And Death and Horror rage around.

Ah where is now the peaceful scene,
Where the soft Muse attun'd her lay;
The tranquil bow'r, the cheerful green,
The rural sports at closing day?

The bow'rs were wrapt in ruthless fires,
Prone on their fields the peasants bled:
The Muses dropp'd their golden lyres,
And from the scene of slaughter fled.

Yet ere they bled, one sacred tear,
Horatio, on thy grave must fall:
To thee the Muse's song was dear;
Thy soul awoke at Pity's call.

Thine was the voice, whose cheering sound
Spoke comfort to the couch of pain:—
And were these gentle accents found
To plead for life—and plead in vain?

High flash'd the brandish'd swords in air;
Brave, though unarm'd, their victim stood:
Descending deaths remorseless tear
That breast, which thirsted not for blood.

O hide the melancholy hour;
O veil it deep in shades of night:
Yet the broad sun display'd its pow'r,
And shone in morning-glories bright.

SWEET smil'd the war-devoted vale,
In summer's radiant robes array'd:
How soon did sorrow load the gale!
How soon did ev'ry beauty fade!

WHERE are thy simple village pleasures,
Sweet employments, guiltless leisures?——
Where thy joys, which charm'd when o'er?
Fled are thy joys, O Ballitore!

1798.

NARRAGHMORE WOOD.

NOW Autumn flings her various dies
The lap of Nature o'er;
And ev'ry tree its pride of leaf
Waves wide through Narraghmore.

BUT soon shall Winter's sullen gloom
Deform the tranquil skies;
While from before his blasting breath
The with'ring foliage flies.

COME, let us wander through the woods,
Ere yet their bloom be past;
Ere yet the stately beeches bow
Beneath th'insulting blast.

AND come, thou youth of Scotia's land;
And come, thou Scottish Maid;
For Nature's charms your glowing eyes
With coldness ne'er survey'd.

WHAT—though from friends, from scenes remov'd
To mem'ry fondly dear;
Yet true the friends, and fair the scenes,
Which greet your presence here.

YET fairer were these lawns, when here
Their noble Lady stray'd,
Beside her Lord, while sporting round
Their smiling cherubs play'd.

THE cheerful cot, the cultur'd farm,
Bespoke the master kind:
His vassals' weal, his vassals' wo,
Employ'd his gen'rous mind.

BRIGHT as the dewy star of eve,
His lov'd Matilda came;
Before her mov'd the rustick band,
All candidates for fame.

IT was not in the giddy dance,
Their nimble feet they plied:
But, busied at th'industrious wheel,
To win her favour tried.

And while Benevolence embrown'd
Sits in her radiant eyes,
Behold her lib'ral hands around
Dispense to each his prize.

The cheerful cot, the culture'd farm,
The rural tasks adieu!
Rebellion spreads her deadly veil,
And hides the grateful view.

She lifts her voice:——the frantick crowd
Hear not the bird they love;
Though from his lips persuasion's pow'r
Could aught but pity move.

In vain upon his manly cheek
The tear of pity hung;
While, all reluctant, to their fate
He bears th'insensate throng.

Ah hapless land! your fatal choice
Too soon you deeply rued;
Whilst many a tear the widow's breast,
And orphan's cheek bedew'd:

WHILST 'mid these bow'rs, so fresh and green,
The bleeding victims lay;
And Horror trac'd the wasting path
Of Death and dire Dismay:

WHILE the torn matron's arm up-rais'd
Her dying husband's head;
And the pale virgin sought her love
Among the mangled dead.

Now far from these deserted plains
Their Lord and Lady move:
The influence of their gracious smile
No more their vassals prove.

RETURN, return, exalted pair,
Departed joys restore;
And grace the waving woods again
Of your lov'd Narraghmore.

TO THE

SYLPHS.

SOFT, airy guardians of the fair,
Who watch o'er Virtue's calm repose,
Hither, ye busy Sylphs, repair,
While Stella's eyes in slumbers close:—

THESE eyes, which through the active day
Around their cheering influence threw;
Now bright with Genius' vivid ray,
Now dimm'd with Pity's sacred dew.

COMPOSE that sweetly anxious breast,
Which diff'rent duties strongly move;
Nor be that feeling mind distrest,
Twixt filial and fraternal love.

BUT where the sleeping fair one lies,
May brightest visions round her play;
And ever let these beaming eyes
Unclose upon a happy day!

TO

RICHARD COLLES,

With his Brother's Profile.

TO thee, who blend'st, with happy art,
The talents of the head and heart,—
Whose sportive wit has never stray'd
Beyond the fence good-nature made;—
To thee her gift a stranger sends,
Who hopes to rank amongst thy friends.
Say, canst thou in this shadow trace
The semblance of a brother's face?
Though distant far that day has roll'd,
Which first beheld these features cold,—
Which saw his aged tutor's tear
Fall on the virtuous pupil's bier;
Still Mem'ry views that aspect kind,
Fair index to a spotless mind;
That eye benevolently bright,
Which gave, where'er it turn'd, delight:—
Still hears these guileless lips impart
The dictates of that honest heart,

Where all those feelings lov'd to meet,
Which make domestick joy complete. ———
In vain :—— for Death's relentless hand
Untwisted ev'ry tender band ;
Yet left his image deep imprest
On many a fond and faithful breast.

REPLY.

" To me her gift a stranger ſends,
" Who hopes to rank amongſt my friends."

A STRANGER! no: in ev'ry line,
In ev'ry verſe I read of thine,
An old, a valued friend I trace,
Her, who immortaliz'd the Griese;
And ſo correct her Lydia drew,
Her in Lavinia well I knew:

My brother in thy gift ſurvives,
And after thirty years he lives:
By thy creative pencil charm'd,
Again with life his lips are warm'd;
His eye again lights up to ſee
A friend ſo kind, ſo good in thee!

R. C.

CHARLEVILLE FOREST.

AND sweet the radiant morning smil'd,
Sweet sang the birds on ev'ry spray;
When Bloomville's pleasant seat we leave,
For scenes more splendid, not more gay.

HERE Hospitality resides,
By Courtesy and Freedom drest:
The venerable master's smile
With cordial welcome greets the guest.

NOR less the welcome which o'erflows
From his lov'd partner's faithful heart;
While she, the solace of their care,
In ev'ry kindness takes a part.

'MIDST first of duteous daughters she,
And form'd in ev'ry sphere to shine,
Whether domestick cares engage,
Or polish'd circles charms combine.

WHERE Charleville's fair forest waves,
With slow steps, and with raptur'd eyes,
We wander, and on ev'ry side
Behold the varied landscape rise.

CORRECT the taste, benign the heart
Of him, who led us through these groves,
And pointed out each charming scene,
Where Genius smiles, or Fancy roves.

THERE shines the far-extended lake,
Reflecting bright the summer sky;
While graceful, o'er the glassy plain,
The silver swans come sailing by.

HERE through deep shades the Clodio winds,
Hoarse murm'ring o'er its rocky bed:
There, fair to view and unconfin'd,
The smoothly gliding waters spread.

THE tow'ring oak, whose shelt'ring boughs
Have many a winter's rage withstood,
Waves wide his venerable arms,
And dips his foliage in the flood.

" Approach with awe th' Egerian grot,"
Where Nature sports in frolick play;
The stony roof, the rugged walls,
The tinkling stream's impervious way.

The gothick lights, the hermit's bed,
The gloom of deep surrounding shade:——
Truth rends the veil, and yields to art
Her triumph; and 'tis here display'd.

Blest was the plan! when Famine frown'd,
And Labour look'd around for bread;
Benevolence and Taste conspir'd,
And thus the hungry poor were fed.*

And here Benevolence and Taste ——
We find their traces here again;
While, charm'd, within the beauteous cot
The strangers meet, a grateful train.

* In a time of scarcity, Lady C. relieved the wants of many poor families, by employing labourers in forming this grotto, which appears to be the rude work of Nature.

But hark! loud hammers strike the ear;
The rising walls attract the sight;
And ages yet unborn shall view
The stately Castle's awful height.

From such abodes the barons bold,
By honour led, indignant came;
And Britain's sacred charter bore,
And gain'd the meed of deathless fame.

Deep sinks the moat, high rise the tow'rs,
And hostile force and fraud defy;
Yet not against a foe they rise,
No hostile force or fraud is nigh.

Their noble lord a better guard
Shall in his own kind bosom prove:
No safer fortress shall he need,
Blest in his grateful vassals' love.

INSCRIPTION

ON A

BEE-HOUSE.

HITHER turn, ye busy wand'rers,
Nor to seek a dwelling roam:
Hear your friend, who kindly offers
Safety, comfort, and a home.

HERE, unscorch'd by sultry summer,
Your sweet tasks in peace pursue;
And the rage of surly winter
Here can never injure you.

NEVER to this happy mansion
Shall the murd'rous match draw nigh:
Cherish here your tender offspring,
And the wants of age supply.

HITHER turn, ye busy wand'rers,
Nor to seek a dwelling roam:
Hear your friend, who kindly offers
Safety, comfort, and a home.

To Dr. C. in India.

TO thee, who from thy Scottish hills
Hast wander'd far away,
A stranger-Muse, from Erin's shore,
Presents her humble lay.

SHOULD pow'r, or wealth, or fame for thee
Their splendid gifts combine,
Shall pow'r, or wealth, or fame allure
A heart so form'd as thine?

To cheer distress, and want to chase,
This be the gift of pow'r!
For this may wealth around thy path
Distil her golden show'r!

THE still small voice when Conscience speaks,
Approving to the heart,
This may'st thou hear!—the trump of fame
Can no such joy impart.

BUT ah! thou wand'rest far away
From those who love thee dear,
Who heave for thee the secret sigh,
And drop the silent tear.

FANCY, reclin'd on Pity's breast,
Makes others' woes her own;
Dwells on thy father's manly grief,
Thy mourning mother's moan.

BUT I beheld thy sister's pangs:—
The fatal page she read,
Which told where India's sunny plains
Were strew'd with British dead.

THEN apprehension pierc'd her heart,
It bled at ev'ry vein,
"My Brother! did my Brother fall,
"To swell the heaps of slain?"

O hadst thou seen the deep despair
Her streaming eyes exprest,
Or heard that agonizing throb,
Which rent her gentle breast;

WOULD India's wealth have brib'd thy stay?——
Then leave that luckless shore;
And to thy dear, domestick hearth
Its wonted joys restore.

To B. H. *on his Marriage.*

To hail thy parents' bridal day,
Whilom I fram'd mine artless lay;
And now, dear friend, the Muse I pray
To smile on me,
Whilst I my humble tribute pay
To worth and thee.

For while, with conscious pride elate,
I view thee and thy gentle mate,
Rich in the blessings which await
On love and truth;
Fair seems thy chance of future fate,
Thou favour'd youth!

Thee, yet a babe, good-nature blest,
And breath'd her spirit in thy breast;
Of various gifts this was the best,
O happy boy,
Thine artless eyes the soul confest,
Of honest joy.

And Science won thine early love,
Fancy and Taste with thee would rove
Along the stream, or through the grove;
Whilst unconfin'd,
All mean and sordid cares above,
Soar'd thy young mind.

But if Compassion's voice was heard,
Or Friendship shew'd her form rever'd,
Taste, Fancy, Science disappear'd
From thy fond eye;
And glad to cheer, or to be cheer'd,
Swift would'st thou fly.

Thy lovely Jane one feeling more
Has added to thy mental store;
Enhancing all thou own'd before,
And less'ning none,
Fix'd in the bosom's inmost core,
Till life be done.

Be thine (for here all bliss depends)
The grateful heart which lowly bends:
The incense pure that spirit sends
He will approve,
Whose favour all his gifts transcends,——
The God of Love.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TERROR.

ON the morning in which Ballitore was given up to the military, the life of an old man was attacked: he was rescued by his daughter: but epileptick fits were the consequence of the shock which she received, and which caused her untimely death.

THE morning, unconscious of horrors, arose,
The whispering Zephyr breath'd soft thro' the shade;
And Nature, awaken'd from balmy repose,
Her charms all bespangled with dew-drops display'd.

But hark! in the vale so secluded and sweet,
The cries of destruction and misery blend;
And 'mid the green boughs, once of peace the retreat,
The pitiless flames, wing'd with vengeance, ascend.

Oh what wrought this change? 'twas a people misled
In deeds of rebellion and strife to engage:——
Yet listen to mercy;—the guilty are fled;
Oh let not the guiltless fall victims to rage!

" Oh stay thy hand, soldier,—Oh pity my sire,
" And from his hoar head turn thy weapon aside:
" Or, if thou a sacrifice seek to thine ire,
" Then deep in my breast let thy weapon be died"!

Filial Piety pleaded;—the soldier withdrew;
And Ferdinand rose, while his beating heart glow'd:
Then swift to his daughter's fond bosom he flew,
For now to each other existence they ow'd.

But ah! that fond bosom had agony seiz'd,
With a gripe too severe e'en for Hope to unbind;
And what though the tumults of war were appeas'd,
The fatal impression still dwelt on her mind.

'Twas then that the triumph of Terror began,
And youth's sprightly grace from that moment decay'd:
Her eyes lost their lustre; and wither'd and wan
Was that cheek on which Health once in dimples had play'd.

Her delicate nerves by convulsions were strain'd,
Her eye-balls all haggard so wildly would rove;
Yet Reason unshaken her empire maintain'd,
Undiminish'd the duties of filial love.

To cheer the lone couch where her parent was laid,
When sickness oppress'd him, each effort she tried;
To cheer his lone cot, and his labours to aid,
His food and his raiment her cares would provide.

In this pious act to the streamlet she came,
To prepare the coarse viands which nature requir'd;
When sudden distemper assail'd her worn frame,
And 'mid stifling waters poor Polly expir'd!

Fair maids of the valley, ye mourn'd for her woes,
To you may the wretched with confidence come:
Down your cheek the soft current of tenderness flows,
And Pity your bosoms has claim'd for her home.

THE

INVITATION.

BRIGHT Damsel of Scotland, say when wilt thou cheer us
With these looks, and this converse which always have charm'd?
Now Spring's rosy pinions we feel waving near us.
Her breath the chill air and our bosoms has warm'd.

THE buds from their tedious confinement are bursting;
The Thrush plumes his wing, and sings sweet on the spray;
And, freed from the fetters his banks once incrusting,
Griese winds through the fresh-springing meadows his way.

SEE the Nymphs to invite thee their arbours adorning;
And worthy thy love are the Nymphs of the vale;
Forms fair as the flow'rs which bedeck the Spring morning,
Hearts gentle and pure as the Spring's balmy gale.

WHEN Summer advances, with radiance all glowing,
They shall woo thee to wander along the gay green:
When Autumn her treasures around is bestowing,
Thy presence shall heighten the joys of the scene.

And when gloomy Winter again shall draw near us,
Though the air shall be chill, yet our hearts shall be warm,
If, bright Damsel of Scotland, *thou* cease not to cheer us;
For thy looks and thy converse shall cease not to charm.

THE

BEGGAR.

AN old man of a most interesting appearance sometimes came to Ballitore. He stood silently, never craved alms, received them thankfully and modestly, but did not tell his story till it was drawn from him by accident. The versification of it was read to him. He was deeply affected, endeavoured to suppress his feelings, yet with sobs was articulated "My boys, my pretty boys!" The writer was introduced to him; he rose, and bowed with a grace remarkable for his age and station: "How did you put it together?" "—But God gave you the gift, and he will give you a better gift."—His name was asked.—He requested to be excused from replying: he had never told his name since he began to beg:—"but you may call me Andrew."

"THOUGH sunk is thine eye, yet thine eye it is bright,
And hale is thy cheek, though thy locks they are white;
While thy meek looks alone our compassion implore,
As silent thou bend'st on thy staff at our door:
O say, pensive stranger, why heaves the deep sigh,
And the salt drops of sorrow so often dost dry?"

"ALAS! I have cause for those sighs heaving deep,
While my tears the poor pittance of charity steep;

For my heart bleeds to think of the days that are past,
The days when I fear'd not cold poverty's blast.

Contented and happy I liv'd on my farm;
My fields they were green, and my cabin was warm;
The wife of my youth sat and spun by my side,
While our dear, duteous sons ev'ry comfort supplied.

Two such boys as my boys, once with pride I could say,
You scarcely would meet on a long summer's day;
Their cheeks were so ruddy, so bright was their hair,
And their skins, like the lily, so soft and so fair,

Yet I will not deny, when rebellion arose,
That my sons took the field, the sad scene of my woes;
They fell:—their white bosoms were purpled with gore:—
Oh pity my anguish, nor question me more.

Now far from that home where no comforts remain'd,
My hapless old dame an asylum has gain'd;
Where lonely her grief in sad solitude flows,
While I bear her the tribute which pity bestows.

But soon shall our wants and our sorrows be o'er,
These tears cease to stream, and those hearts throb no more
We pant for the moment which loosens our chain,
And gives us to join our dear children again."

ON THE

DEATH OF EDMUND BURKE.

'TIS o'er:—that lamp is quench'd in endless night,
Which Nature kindled at her purest flame,
By Science fann'd,—if Science could enhance
A genius from which Science caught new rays:——
No, 'tis not quench'd; the spark ethereal lives,
And it shall blaze along the track of time,
While we, who joy'd beneath the radiant beam,
Shall mix unheeded with our kindred clay.

THAT Star is set, on earth to shine no more,
On which admiring nations wond'ring gaz'd:
That pow'rful stream of eloquence is dry,
Which with commanding force o'erwhelm'd the mind.
O mourn for this, that from a barren world
Such excellence is fled!——But, publick care
Apart, in pensive solitude retir'd,
Lamenting Friendship drops the silent tear.
There tender recollection calls to mind
The sweet benevolence which mark'd that mien;

That mien which unadmiring who could view?
'Tis hers, with soft regret and pleasing pain,
To trace the social and domestick scene,
Where, ever shining, most of all he shone.
She saw the lib'ral hand the healing balms
Dispense unboasting; and to haggard eyes,
Bedimm'd with poverty, and pain, and care,
The vivid rays of health and hope restore.
Th'unvarying friendship, and the candid mind,
Prompt to forgive and ready to atone,
Were his.—And O how close the tender ties
Of Father, Husband, Brother, bound his heart!
Why droops that noble soul? Alas! he mourns
A brother's fate, companion of his youth,
By death relentless sever'd from his side.

Yet still remain'd that son, the only pledge
Of a long, happy union; and on whom
Paternal love had fix'd the ardent gaze
Of fond presaging hope, from infant years
To manhood's ripen'd bloom. And now retir'd
Th'illustrious father from the publick scene,
And onward mov'd the son to fill *his* sphere
On life's conspicuous stage.—Ah, what avail

Fame, youth and health! for Febris' fiery dart
The throbbing temple smote, and soon dislodg'd
From the frail tenement the spark divine.
O blasted hope! O bitter streaming tears!
O childless parents! mourning o'er the tomb
Where duteous love, cold, and unconscious lies
Of pangs that filial heart had bled to heal!——
The blow was struck, and life's delights were o'er.

THREE suns roll'd joyless o'er that honour'd head;
Yet trembling hope, with lowly fear, survey'd
The op'ning scenes of hope and rest secure,
Where sorrows cease, and tears are wip'd away;
For well that meek, that noble spirit knew
This meed, which Fame nor Genius dare demand:
Though great his claim on both, a higher claim,
Divine Philanthropy, he held on thee.

FAREWELL, O ever honour'd, ever dear,
And long lamented: may thy matchless voice,
Which never more shall charm terrestrial ears,
Th' immortal choirs of Hallelujah join!

LETTER

FROM

Edmund Burke *to* Mary Leadbeater,

Dictated by him in his last illness, and signed by his tremulous hand.

MY DEAR MRS. LEADBEATER,

I FEEL as I ought to do your constant hereditary kindness to me and mine. What you have heard of my illness is far from exaggerated. I am, thank God, alive, and that is all.—Hastening to my dissolution, I have to bless Providence that I do not suffer a great deal of pain ******

MRS. Burke has a tolerable share of health in every respect, except much use of her limbs. She remembers your mother's most good-natured attentions, as I am sure I do, with much gratitude. I have ever been an admirer of your talents and virtues, and shall ever wish most cordially for every thing which can tend to your credit and satisfaction.

I therefore congratulate you very heartily on the birth of your son; and pray remember me to the representative of your family, who I hope still keeps up the school of which I have so tender a remembrance; though, after so long an absence, and so many unpleasant events of every kind that have distracted my thoughts, I hardly dare to ask for any one, not knowing whether they are living or dead, lest I should be the means of awakening unpleasant recollections. Believe me to be, with the most respectful and affectionate regard,

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

Your faithful friend,

And very humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Bath: 23d May,

1797.

P. S. Pray remember me to Mr. Leadbeater. I have been at Bath for these four months to no purpose; and am therefore to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-morrow, to be nearer to a habitation more permanent, humbly and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion.

SUCH was the mild lustre of this setting Luminary! His friend the Bishop of M. thus remarks: "The great scene, on which Providence gifted and allotted him to move, was closing; and no record can ever be produced to mark the leading features of his character so strongly as that you possess in this letter. It shews him still cherishing the early affections of his heart, among the higher cares which the station he had attained imposed upon him; and, after having controlled the destinies of the world, as *all now* agree he did, by his later writings, turning his last thoughts to the retired, unassuming daughter of the friend of his youth, and to those tranquil and humble scenes, which in your poems seem to be so dear to your heart, and which you no less warmly connect with his praises and his memory, than he did himself with his fortunes through life."

BALLITORE.

THOUGH distance parts my friend and me,
The Muse would fain converse with thee.
Full oft my roving fancy flies
To where my lov'd Lavinia lies:
Now, slowly wand'ring by its side,
We gaze on Suir's transparent tide;
Now, Fairy-hill, thy steep ascend,
And o'er the plain our views extend.
O could we meet, what joy 'twould be!
But distance parts my friend and me.

Lo! rosy Summer now draws nigh,
And Spring resigns the weeping sky:
Slow she retires, and turns again,
As loath to leave the lovely plain;
While buxom Summer, bright and fair,
Comes sailing on the glowing air,
And joys in Griese's silver wave
Her loose ambrosial locks to lave.
Lavinia, come, and taste once more
The beauties of sweet Ballitore;

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Her loose ambrosial locks to lave.
Lavinia, come, and taste once more
The beauties of sweet Ballitore;

This charming spot, where joys abound,
By rising hills encompass'd round,
Fair hills, which rear the golden brow,
And smile upon the vale below.

SHALL I with fiction deck my verse,
And thus the poet's dream rehearse?——
The Queen of flow'rs, and God of day,
As through the clouds they took their way,
The fragrant wreath, which Flora crown'd,
And Phœbus' lyre, of silver sound,
Dropp'd from those heav'ning pow'rs (they tell),
And in this smiling valley fell.
Swiftly the Deities descend,
And here their radiant course they bend:
On Griese's verdant banks they spy,
With joy, their sacred symbols lie;
But with more joy they mark the plain,
Where sweet Contentment holds her reign.
At their approach new beauties rise:
They gladly quit their native skies:
They bid their glories all farewell,
And here for ever choose to dwell.

But, Ballitore, my simple Muse
To praise thee need not fable use:
Lavinia, through the valley stray;
The Muse and I attend thy way.

Here we begin:—Now fair and wide,
Grac'd with young elms on either side,
The lov'd Mill-avenue we tread,
Dear to the daughters of the shade.

As some fair virgin sits retir'd,
In lovely, lowly state, admir'd,
Her beauties but in part reveal'd,
The rest in modest guise conceal'd;
So Ballitore from hence is seen,
Half hid in shades of deepest green.
Where'er one turns his raptur'd sight,
The beauteous landscape gives delight,
The verdant groves, th'enamell'd meads,
The rising hills, and op'ning glades;
Neat houses here and there he sees,
Dispers'd among the tufted trees;
The cultur'd fields with plenty blest,
In summer's pride the gardens drest,

The crystal streams, which purling flow,
Diffusing nurture as they go;
And Griese, that, with meand'ring glide,
Through the sweet village rolls its tide.

Our minds the pleasing prospect fills,
Environ'd by the distant hills;
Delightful hills, which gently rise,
And seem to kiss the bending skies.
Far as the eye can reach, we view
A tow'ring structure, fair and new;
Then a contrasted scene behold,
A castle ruinous and old.
Contemplative, in these we find
Fit objects for the musing mind:
So generations pass away,
Born, rising, hast'ning to decay.

Onward our saunt'ring steps we bend,
And now the little bridge ascend:——
How sweet to stand and gaze around,
And listen to the dashing sound
Of the white wave, which foams along,
Tumbling the rugged stones among!

And now the clacking mill we hear,
And note the humble cottage near;
Where James and Nanny, honest pair
As ever trod this maze of care,
In waning age, remote from strife,
In quiet pass their virtuous life.
Thou kindest nurse, whose tender care
Did with our infant-weakness bear;
Who saw our first ideas stray,
And wip'd our earliest tears away;
O ever honour'd, ever dear,
My heart will long your names revere:
Except (ah, never be it so!)
No spark of virtue in it glow;——
Till then, or till it cease to move,
My heart will James and Nanny love.

There rears that house its modest head,
Where my blest hours of childhood fled:
Amidst these bow'rs so sweet and gay
Sally and I were wont to stray;
Nature's soft chain, with friendship twin'd,
Our sister-hearts in one combin'd.

THERE, as a sheet of silver bright,
The mill-pond charms the dazzled sight,
Deck'd with the sallow's hoary pride,
We walk admiring by its side.

WE cross the dike; the field we gain,
The fair mill-field, a lovely plain:
But lovelier once, all gaily drest,
The cowslip gilding o'er her breast,
The ruthless plough her bosom tore;——
The golden cowslip charms no more.
But Julia, Lady of the plain,
Recalls her native charms again;
Her verdant robe again we view:
O! had she call'd the cowslip too!

WE come to Fuller's-Court, the square
For widows fam'd and maidens fair.
Here my dame Fuller keeps her home,
And three fair daughters grace the dome:
Enter the portal when you will,
And all is neat, and all is still.
There Julia's ever-open door,
Encompass'd by the smiling poor:

Or to the right direct thine eyes,——
The thread industrious Mary plies:
Though small her house, her heart is wide,
For Truth and Friendship there reside.

We pass the gate: how fine the sight!
The trees their bending heads unite;
In the blest cool we move along,
Regal'd with the wild warblers' song:
The village, through the arches green,
As through a long perspective, seen.

Emerging from this lovely shade,
A beauteous open is display'd;
And hedges neatly clipt declare
That Jonathan inhabits there.

O'er the trim fence now cast thine eye,
The variegated landscape spy;
The sloping hill, upon whose side
The grove erects its sable pride,
"Majestick, though in ruins."——
Ah me! my bleeding heart is sore,
To see the spoils of Ballitore:——

In honour to the sacred dead,
Mar not this venerable shade.——
Not honour for the sacred dead
Can save this venerable shade;
The axe inflicts the frequent wound,
The Hamadryads' shrieks resound;
The falling trees the grass o'erspread,
And Clio droops her languid head.

TURN to the left: that structure tall
Encloses those within its wall,
Who, great by blood, but greater far
By manners and by virtues, are:———
Alas, what woes wait Ballitore!
And must the plains your loss deplore?

THE three fair damsels on the right
With looks so sweet allure our sight;
And, like their hospitable sire,
They kindly, "Can't you stay?" inquire.

SEE in the grove that structure neat!
Here we for worship often meet:
O may we cloth'd in silence hear
The still, small voice for ever near!

But, not to place and form confin'd,
The worship of th'all-perfect mind
Doth, like the sun, its beams impart,
And loves the temple of the heart.

How pleasant the surrounding grove,
Where the gay students love to rove!
The stately fir with verdant head,
Dear to the Muse the beechen shade,
United, form a calm retreat
From glowing summer's raging heat.
Here with soft breath the tuneful flute
To gentle Echo makes it suit;
Though not in strains so softly gay,
As blooming H——ll was wont to play.
Too vent'rous boy, where dost thou rove,
Far distant from this peaceful grove?
Beyond the vast Atlantick's wave,
Dost thou the thund'ring battle brave?
Or fainting, pale and bleeding lie,
No tender parent weeping by?
Perhaps sad recollection strays
To former scenes, and happier days;
To scenes, which must return no more,——
Thy flute, this grove, and Ballitore.

WHAT piercing cries assail our ear!
Alas, the house of slaughter's near:
The bleating lamb pours forth its life,
Trembling beneath the bloody knife;
The lordly bull there meets his death,
Unwilling he resigns his breath.
The grove re-echoes to his roar;
The axe, the bane of Ballitore,
In his broad front inflicts the wound,
And his black blood o'erflows the ground.
Such scenes of murder we decline,
Harsh to the Muse's eyes and thine.

THE hammer sounds: there walls arise
And here a ruin'd mansion lies;
This ruin'd mansion I revere,
Here first my father drew the air.

AND now the school approaching near,
A humming noise salutes our ear;
The busy bees, who sip the flow'rs
Which blossom in Parnassian bow'rs,
Rich stores of honey thence convey,
The treasures of a future day.

The door unbarr'd, with mirth and glee
They rush, and hail sweet Liberty.
Come, we'll attend the sprightly train,
And view them sporting on the plain;
With rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes,
Each to his dear amusement hies;
This bids the bounding ball to fly;
That sends the feather'd cork on high;
Some sling the stone with dext'rous throw,
And others bend the guiltless bow:
Those whip the whirling top; and these
The rolling marbles better please.
One in his captive linnet joys:
His pigeons' tendance one employs:
These, straining ev'ry nerve, on high
Behold the kite, in rapture, fly,
While, as the bird of Phœbus fair,
She sails sublimely through the air.
The sweets of Nature those invite,
Who in their gardens gay delight:
To sow the tender seed in earth,
And careful watch the springing birth,
To see the flow'r its leaves unfold,
With crimson stain'd, and bright with gold;

Or on their mossy seats recline,
And studious court the gentle Nine.

Amongst the throng my darling P——e
Comes singing on, devoid of care;
Belov'd by all, for o'er his head
Scarce six unspotted years are fled.
Sweeter than spring's first blossoms he;
But, David, not more sweet than thee:——
O fairest flow'r that grac'd our shade,
How soon did all thy glories fade!

Though winter comes, it hath its charms;
E'en winter's cold *their* bosoms warms:
Fearless they tempt the frozen tide,
And o'er the slipp'ry surface glide;
Or with incessant pains and care
On high the snowy pillar rear;
Or in the hall, at close of day,
(While six fair tapers lend their ray,)
They turn th'instructive page, and find
A feast to feed th'immortal mind.
Some trace the map with curious eye,
And point where diff'rent kingdoms lie;

Here those self-taught the pencil guide,
And imitate the garden's pride;
While these, with more exalted views,
Record the labours of the Muse.

SAY why each eye so bright appears,
Why ev'ry cheek contentment wears!
See where divine Hygeia stands,
And scatters blessings from her hands:
She o'er the cheek the roses spread,
And ting'd the lip with brighter red,
Kindled the lightning of the eye,
And taught the nimble feet to fly.
Not all the jewels, which adorn
The crown by Britain's monarch worn,
Can equal, or compare at all
With those that grace my father's hall.

WITHDRAWING from the busy throng,
A youth soft stealing moves along,
J—— B—— yclept, whose up-cast eye
Explores the wonders of the sky;

For 'tis his innocent delight
To ken the glories of the night.
Now bright Bellatrix he surveys,
And Saturn's more refulgent rays,
The Polar star admiring views,
And Venus bath'd in ev'ning dews.

Scorn not these scenes, which simply please:
Great Burke once led a life like these;
Though Britain's cause he now maintains,
He sported on these verdant plains.

Yet these—e'en these have ills to bear;
(No state on earth is free from care:)
Perhaps, in playful transport tost,
The ball, or shuttle-cock is lost;
The pigeons stray, the linnet dies,
And sorrow swells the brightest eyes:
Or, when the kite sublimely sails,
Up-born by all the flying gales,
The cord is broke:—she downward flies,
And distant fields receive the prize.
Or, when the gardens shine most bright,
(Alas, how transient is delight!)

Some roving dog, in luckless hour,
Has trampled down the fairest flow'r;
Or filthy swine, with brutal taste,
Has laid the pride of summer waste.
Or, when they hope secure to glide,
Descending rain has marr'd their slide;
Their pillar, late so snowy white,
Deform'd and spoil'd, disgusts the sight.

Lo! the poor caitiff, pent on high,
From the sick chamber casts his eye;
Beholds their sports with jealous pain,
And wishes for his health again.

See allforlorn the new-come boy!
Tasteless to him each scene of joy:
How does he solitary roam,
And whines and sighs, and thinks of home!
Some thoughtless lads deride the swain,
While others pitying sooth his pain
Thus (while they wipe his tears away);
"Like thee we mourn'd: but now can say,
"No joys more sweet than these thou'lt find;
"So give thy sorrows to the wind."

Alas, what grief—should Vice invade
With backward steps this learned shade;
Or Folly, with unmeaning face,
Intrude into this happy place!
No longer are ye dear to fame,
But fall a prey to guilt and shame;
Your glory fades, and ye no more
Are deem'd the pride of Ballitore.
But heav'n avert the fatal day,
Which takes your innocence away!

Here leave we the gay, giddy throng,
And move with careless steps along
To where these various houses rise,
Of aspect mean, and small of size:
The Burrow this is call'd; and here
The trades, a smiling train, appear.
First highly favour'd Edward see;
A triple crown is wreath'd for thee:
Thee Crispin teaches all his arts,
And Hermes fluent speech imparts;
See gen'rous Phœbus too reveal
The great, the godlike pow'r to heal:

There his dependants you may spy,
Poor, pale, and in a garret high:
Yet here—e'en here Content is found;
Their songs the tatter'd roofs rebound.

WHERE yonder steed unwilling stands,
Murry the low-roof'd forge commands;
Farrier and smith: his wondrous skill
Has reach'd beyond the distant hill:—
But while I write what changes rise!
The village mourns; poor Murry dies.

LEARNING'S the growth of Ballitore:
With caution ope that close-shut door;
High on an antique chair of state
There the schoolmistress keeps her seat:
Her little subjects standing by
Their horn-books and their samplers ply,
Watching with fear her awful nod,
And trembling at the lifted rod.

THESE mould'ring piers, the Burrow-gate,
Beneath each pier is plac'd a seat,
From whence the never-wearied eye
As far as Fuller's-court can spy:

The trees so green, and houses white,
With mingled beauties charm the sight.
The old, the gay, the grave, the young
Oft to the village-forum throng:
Here ragged politicians muse,
And tell the list'ning crowd the news;
The vet'ran here, his dangers o'er,
Breathes the sweet air of Ballitore.

But all, astonish'd and dismay'd,
Behold the havock of the shade;
For just before their wond'ring eyes
The cruel desolation lies.
Onward we move—how sad a scene!
The ditch fill'd up,—the open green,——
The trees cut down,—all bleak and bare:——
Ah, what a dismal sight is there!
All as she view'd, and view'd with pain,
Thus sung the Muse, but sung in vain:
" Oh thou (thy name I'll yet conceal,)
" Foe to the graces of my vale,
" If Science bless'd thy early years,
" If e'er the Muses heard thy call,
" Pity the Hamadryads' tears,
" Nor bid their verdant honours fall:

" Ah, never, never be it said,
" That thou deform'd thy native shade!
" Yonder I see my mangled grove:——
" What insults must the Muses prove!"

In vain the Hamadryad weeps;
The Muse her song in sorrow steeps
In vain: regardless of their tears,
Fate and great Plutus stopp'd his ears.
The lovely trees, with arms outspread,
Bow the green honours of their head;
They bow to gold, whose pow'rful sway
Corrupted human kind obey.
This surely did thy heart inthrall,
And caus'd that mighty elm to fall;
That mighty elm, which long had made
With spreading boughs a grateful shade:
Around the trunk sad Clio twin'd,
But told her sorrows to the wind:——
Prostrate it falls, alas! no more
The grace, but grief of Ballitore.
Around th'indignant neighbours throng,
But wild amazement tied each tongue;

Thou, author of its fate, wast pleas'd;
All, all but thee dumb sorrow seiz'd;
Thou only smil'd to see its doom;——
So Nero smil'd on burning Rome.

STILL, as with pensive steps we stray,
The falling trees bestrew our way:
Scarce Abigail's abode so trim
Attracts our eyes with sorrow dim;
Though Abby's smiles, and parlour neat,
Might well attract the passing feet.

OH grief of griefs! my dear delight,
The Muse aghast prepares for flight;
Foe to the axe, the peaceful maid
Resolves to quit her injur'd shade.——
O stay, sweet Clio, prythee stay;
Nor leave thy lov'd, thy fair abode,
Where thou hast deign'd to sport and play,
Since Burke the tuneful vallies trod:
He with my father trod the plains,
And ravish'd Echo caught their strains.
Thou didst their kindred spirits tie
In the soft bonds of harmony;

Though rolling years have flown away,
Their friendship has not found decay:
Then look not at the mangled trees,
Here still are shades as sweet as these.
She hears; she stays.——O how I'm blest!
I feel her warm my panting breast.

Behold these elms, a double row,
Which by the winding waters grow!
Here stood the meekly mourning maid;
She dried a crystal tear, and said:
"Yon havock I can half forgive,
"Since thou hast left this shade to live."

On the new bridge fast by we stay,
And the RETREAT's fair dome survey;
Graceful she stands, and eyes her face
In the smooth river's liquid glass.
Before the door (a grateful view,)
A verdant carpet Nature threw;
With thousand colours gaily died,
All bright in summer's rosy pride.
Here the diseased poor repair,
To tell my pitying aunt their care:

She hastens to relieve their woes,
Bids Famine feed, and Pain repose.

The road hence from our village leads,
Which trees adorn with bending heads;
So thick the twisting branches blend,
They hide the hill we must ascend:
So, when the present bliss we know,
We look not at the future wo.
This steepy hill when we descend,
Our feet with quickest motion bend;
But, when ascending, leave with pain
The beauties of this charming plain.

Still on the bridge we choose to stay,
While Phœbus shoots his ev'ning ray;
Wide spread the silver waters here,
Unruffled, calm, serene and clear;
But straiten'd at the other side,
With gently-tinkling murmurs glide.
A darker gold these waves arrays,
On those a softer lustre plays.

And now the setting orb from high
Rolls down the blushing western sky;

Around he throws his parting fires,
And in a blaze of gold retires.
On ev'ry side we cast our eyes;
Behold! the fading landscape dies;
The glowing colours melt away,
And twilight dims the eye of day.
But yonder see! array'd in light,
Mounts the pale empress of the night:
Walking in brightness through the shades,
Onward the host of heav'n she leads;
Brighter she gains th'ethereal way,
And sheds around a milder day;
From high beholds her silver beam
Reflected in the lucid stream.
The stream, rejoic'd so fair a guest
Should sleep upon his placid breast,
Would fain his gliding waters stay,
With her delightful locks to play.

A solemn silence reigns around;
No busy footsteps beat the ground;
The moon no careful watch-dogs bay,
No breezes shake the bending spray,
No flute awakes the slumb'ring grove,
Where not a leaf is heard to move;

Scarce heard the distant, dying sound,
Such solemn silence reigns around.

But hark! what musick breaks the night,
And fills our breasts with calm delight?
If Fame say true, from Erin's skies
The tender Philomela flies:
But sure 'tis Philomel I hear,
Which pours such musick on mine ear;
Her varied notes so gently crowd,
Now softly sweet, now thrilling loud.
Melodious bird, whate'er thy name,
Which hauntest Griese's tuneful stream,
And sing'st the summer's night away,
Mute in the gaudy glare of day,——
If Genius of the flood thou be,
Or if the Muse exist in thee,——
Whate'er thy name, so sweet thy song,
Long may'st thou live, and warble long!
May never lifted gun destroy
Thy precious life; nor truant-boy
Thy humble mansion e'er annoy!
But may thy soft, mellifluous strains
Exhilarate these happy plains;

And with thy melody restore
Peace, love and joy to Ballitore!

HERE ends our walk:—and here, my friend,
The gay description I shall end.
These lines present no fancied view,
'Twas Truth the faithful landscape drew.
Here, from the busy world retir'd,
This fragrant air I first respir'd;
And here may all my days be spent,
With Innocence, and sweet Content,
With Contemplation, ever calm,
And Friendship, life's most precious balm!

BUT where are all these blessings found,
Unless by thee, Religion, crown'd?
O be thou first to gain my breast,
And be it worthy of the guest!
Content and Innocence appear,
Celestial maid, when thou art here.
Thou raisest Contemplation's eye,
To seek the blest abodes on high:
Our friendships form'd by thee endure;
'Tis thou our blessings canst secure;

Thou bidst our passions all subside:——
Be thou my guardian, and my guide!
Then, in this sweet, sequester'd shade,
More lovely by thy presence made,
Remote from envy, care and strife,
Calm will I pass my quiet life;
Taste purer joys, when these are o'er,
And lay my bones in Ballitore.

1778.

VIEW OF

BALLITORE,

Taken from Mount-Bleak.

IN the fresh morning of my early days,
While the gay dreams of fancy floated round,
Seated on this fair hill, with raptur'd eyes,
I trac'd the beauties of the vivid scene,
And fram'd the artless lay.* Revolving years
Have somewhat chang'd the scene. Beneath the axe
The stately grove has fall'n, and left expos'd
To publick gaze the graves of those we lov'd.
The village now attracts the passing eye;
The modest village, seated in the vale,
While fair behind ascends the graceful hill,
Crown'd with nine trees, whose summit seen afar
My heart has hail'd, while journ'ying to my home,
By absence dearer made. And there appears
The lov'd paternal roof, embow'r'd in shade,—
The stately ash,—the orchard's twisting boughs,—

* Alluding to "The View;" a poem written in very early life.

And ever-greens, defying winter's frown,—
Deserted now! No more the master dear
"Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,"
Amidst his garden's blooms: to happier climes
His spirit pure has fled. No more his mate
Tends her sweet flow'rs, relaxing thus her mind,
Her careful mind, anxious for gen'ral good.
Now second childhood has resum'd the reign;
And Innocence, guide of her blameless life,
Gilds the sweet ev'ning with the ray serene,
Escap'd from all the horrors, all the woes,
Which burst upon this valley, since those hearts
So exquisitely feeling ceas'd to feel.
Blest while their noble talents they employ'd;
Blest when their noble talents they resign'd:
For worthily they us'd them. Now we leave
That spot to tender recollection dear;
The eye moves gently onward, where the bridg
Her arches throws across the silver Griese,
Which, oft meand'ring, lingers in the vale.
There thick the clust'ring habitations stand,
And high amid them tow'rs the ample roof,
Beneath whose shelter oft Hibernia's sons
The lore of science learn'd: Ah, not untaught

The lore of virtue too! Illustrious Burke,
Here dawn'd the beam of thine effulgent day:
And here (a kindred spirit) W—gh—n glow'd
With promises as fair; till the hard hand—
The hand unnatural of paternal hate—
Crush'd all his graces in the early grave:*
And there, thou lov'd companion of my life,
The seeds were planted by Affection's hand,
Which grew and flourish'd fair, and o'er my head
A grateful shield and shelter now bestow.
You worthy pair, who in this mansion rule,
Long may your influence in the vale be felt,
Around your board long bloom your olive plants,
And long your gentle neighbours cheer, with whom
You now divide your roof! O dreadful morn,‡
Though nature smil'd in summer's glories gay,
And breathing fragrance! Dreadful was the morn,
When she, the meekest of her sex, beheld
The raging host, on blood and plunder bent,

* See page 197.

‡ The village of Ballitore was given up for two hours to the military: during that short space much was done to cause deep regret.

Her substance rend away so justly earn'd,
And fill her quiet house with uproar wild.
She saw; she trembled; and her falt'ring tongue
Refus'd its office: yet her gentle heart
Felt no resentment, thankful that her life
Escap'd their savage hands: but in that house
She could abide no more,—though once the spot
Most lov'd on earth: for there her parents dwelt;
There her dear sisters and her brother dear
Circled the joyous hearth; and there she watch'd
Their spirits' parting flight. O never more
May terror vex thy mind; but with thy friend,
Thy faithful Anna, whose angelick mien
Bespeaks a spirit half uncloth'd, enjoy
The sacred gift of friendship, and the band
Draw closer, which ev'n Death shall not untie!
There, half retir'd and half reveal'd to sight,
While the gay garden spreads its bloom around,
The Cottage stands, surveying all the charms
Which wood and water, hill and vale, unite.
'Twas Juliet's penetrating eye which fix'd
The beauteous site, and Juliet's beaming smile
Approv'd the rising work,—then pass'd away

To gild another sphere. There lowly lies
My humble home, devoid of outward grace,
Yet the soft nest of dear, domestick love,
And cordial friendship. Ye will witness this,
Ye maidens lov'd, with whom we share our roof,
And share our hearts. Together we have joy'd,
Together mourn'd; and surely now we know
Joy may unite, but suff'ring knits the band.
What sights of grief, of terror and distress
Have pass'd, since by our door the drowned maid
Was borne by weeping friends! Sad prelude this
To scenes of deeper wo! Here War's stern voice
Roar'd horrible, and threaten'd death around
Without discrimination. Party-rage
Here seiz'd its victim with assassin-hands,
And, pale and mangled on the bloody earth,
The graceful form of lov'd Horatio lay.
Long did the spot, stain'd with his precious blood,
Arrest the passing foot, and wake the sigh
And starting tear. He had a heart to feel;
And many a heart has deeply felt for him;——
Felt for his widow'd wife, his beauteous babes,
Who, twining round their hopeless mother's neck,
Call'd on their tender sire with bitter cries.

Hadst thou, who struck the last and fatal blow,
Which the sad widow and her babes deplor'd,
Beheld this picture of domestick grief
Sure (if thy breast was fram'd of human mould)
The fatal blow pierc'd not with sharper pangs
Than those that breast must feel! Here slowly pass'd
The long sad fun'ral of the hapless youth,
Whom violated laws condemn'd to die;
Whose wretched father, when his age's hope
Torn from his arms he saw in prison bound,
Awhile he rav'd, with sudden frenzy fir'd,
Then with his sacrilegious hands he stopp'd
His own sad breath. The living fun'ral here——*
The living fun'ral—pass'd before our eyes;
Such sight as ne'er before our eyes beheld,
And never may they meet such sight again!
The martial band on stately coursers rode,

† The unfortunate father of a young man who suffered for offences againſt the Government, put an end to his own life.

* Two convicts passed strongly guarded through Ballitore, to suffer death at the place where their crime had been committed.

Their polish'd armour glitt'ring in the sun:
Silent they march'd:—it was the march of death!
Bound on the cart the mournful victims sate:
Health through their veins impell'd the circling blood,
Nature had far remov'd the stroke of death,——
The stroke of death their fellow-man ordains!
Onward they move, their coffins by their side:
No friend accompanies to sooth that hour
Approaching dark with fate; the pitying eye
Pursues the path, the path which ends in death;
The throbbing heart beats quick, and firm disclaims
The right of man to take that life away,
His Maker's gift. O princely Leopold,*
Did thy blest spirit from its place of rest
Behold this scene? Why canst not thou impart
A portion of thy spirit to the minds
Which frame our laws? Our virtuous laws were then
Guiltless of blood: Revenge and gloomy Hate
Would prowl no more; and Reformation's reign
Would spread its influence o'er the peaceful land.
Then had our eyes been spar'd the doleful sight,

* Leopold, Archduke of Tuscany, formed a code of Laws, by which he abolished the punishment of death throughout his dominions.

The lifeless body of the slaughter'd youth,‡
Borne like the slaughter'd beast dishonour'd by:
Rash was the blow! Offended Justice frown'd,
And Mercy wept. O ye companions dear,
Who mourn'd with us the woes which others felt,
How well did ye participate our own!
Can I forget? No, I can ne'er forget
Those hours of anguish when my partner dear,
The father of my infants, hopeless lay
Upon the bed of pain. The midnight hours
Were witness to your cares, your tender cares,
While with kind hands ye rais'd his drooping head;
While with kind words ye sooth'd my aching heart.
And when restor'd to me and life again
Ye saw the friend ye lov'd, how did your souls
With gen'rous transport in our joy unite!
With us ye wept, when the paternal pangs
Our hearts crush'd sore; when, like the new-cropt rose
While yet unfaded, lay our lovely child,
Prey of untimely death; when chilling fear
Congeal'd the vital flood, more fatal far
Than was the greedy flame: escap'd so late
The murd'rous ball of death, which through her couch

‡ A young man rashly shot by the military.

Innoxious pass'd, when ev'n the ruffian fierce
Recoil'd with dread, lest innocence was harm'd!
How oft, dear partners of these dreary hours,
How oft has slumber fled our midnight couch,
Scar d by the robbers shout, on spoil intent,
And threat'ning murder!* By my William's side
Pleading ye stood, while at his breast were rais'd
The instruments of death. With baffled rage
The brutal hand on gentle Anna lights:
Methinks I still behold the streaming blood
Stain her white neck, and clot her auburn hair!
Methinks I hear Maria's piteous moan
Wailing her sister's wounds with wild affright,
Which not the plund'ring band could hear unmov'd!
Distrest and madden'd with the stings of guilt
And stripes of Justice, still their hearts could feel:——
With accents chang'd to pity's gentle voice,
With aspects fall'n, they from the scene retir'd.
And O may such a scene return no more;
But may we long enjoy our tranquil rest,
With grateful hearts, and thankful for our lot!

* The winter following the rebellion, the inhabitants of the village were frequently assailed in their houses by midnight robbers.

Now raise the eye, where on the sloping hill
Ascends the mansion fair: the mansion fair
Its venerable master boasts no more;
No more, with outstretch'd hands and cordial smile,
He greets the stranger, while his ruddy cheek
Still glows with health, and while benevolence
Still sparkles in that eye, though sev'nty years
Had long since glided o'er that snow-white head.
Alas the change! though on the verdant lawn
Th'unconscious flocks in peaceful silence feed,
Though there the garden, nurtur'd by his hand,
Invites the early spring,—HE is not there
To mark the bloom! Alas! the good old man
Lies lifeless on his couch; and to that couch
Brought from a wat'ry grave. O sight of wo!
O sight to waken Pity's tend'rest tear!
Close to his breast his lovely daughter lies;
To her bare bosom strains the breathless form
Hour after hour, indulging fruitless hope
With vital heat to animate again
Th'extinguish'd pulse. My William, while our steps
Pass'd from the alter'd mansion once so gay,
Dost thou remember what a mournful look
We cast behind? and when we trod the plain,

ıere late the grove in graceful verdure wav'd,
gret assail'd us; and the cottage there
ɔos'd to view where our sweet infant bloom'd,
w cold and mould'ring in the silent clay,
viv'd the feelings of paternal pain?——
ere, rear'd by Taste, the modest dwelling rose,
which Horatio his Maria led,
ɔlooming bride: sweet was the dwelling then!
w lonely, roofless, stand the mould'ring walls,
all-devouring flame decreed a prey,
monument of ruthless party-rage.
ef has bedimm'd thy vale, O Ballitore:
rage of war has fill'd it with dismay;
axe has marr'd its shades; yet still my heart
ıgs fondly to that spot where first it beat:
ernal fondness, and connubial love,
l filial hopes have met my wishes there,
l friendship firm, and social neighbourhood.
e let my blameless days glide quiet by!
h was the wish I fram'd in joyous youth;
change that wish has alter'd. Fortune, Fame,
r gifts I ask not. Here with calm Content
ıester'd let me live,—with Peace expire!

On E. S. *leaving Ballitore.*

WHEN Corydon left the sweet vale,
Where first he beheld the fair light,
Soft sorrows were heard in the gale,
And sighs broke the silence of night.

It was not the grace of his form,
Nor his skill when he pip'd on his reed,
Which thus could the villagers charm,
Which won all their hearts for his meed:

Twas that Wit, which, so sportive and gay,
By Good-nature was ever restrain'd;
'Twas that mind, which in youth's slipp'ry way
By Honour and Truth was sustain'd.

Now the ocean our Corydon ploughs;
Now a city receives the lov'd youth:
But faithful for aye be his vows
To Good-nature and Honour and Truth.

To T. W.

ho lamented the cutting down of fine thorns, belonging to Lord Lowther, and who dreaded the fate of some of the finest oaks in England.

THOU mourn'st thy fav'rite walk, my friend;
O let me mourn with thee!
For well I know the looks, which bend
O'er the lov'd, fallen tree.

WHY slept the Muse, when the loud strokes
Disturb'd the quiet glade?——
Arouse her, ere the destin'd oaks
The threaten'd blows invade.

FOR she will touch, with softest strain,
The chords by Pity twin'd;
And sure she will not plead in vain
To noble Lowther's mind!

THEN shall the lyre as pow'rful prove
As erst in Orpheus' hand:
His musick bade the forest *move*;
Thine bids the forest *stand*!

ON THE

Marriage of T. B. *and* H. D.

WHILE its glad master leads his bride
To B——f——d's lovely bow'rs,
What fragrance floats along the gale!
How brightly bloom the flow'rs!

FAIR spread the lawns, wide wave the trees,
And birds on ev'ry spray
Seem, while responsive notes they pour,
To hail this happy day.

SWEET smiles the bride; the raptur'd youth
Forgets his ten years' pain:
O never may the constant heart
Be doom'd to sigh in vain!

AND thou, fair maid, who grant'st the meed
To Love and Merit due,
Hear, while the Muse prophetick sings,
This day thou ne'er shalt rue.

THE POPLAR.

"FAREWELL, ye fields so fresh and fair,
"In summer's glowing beauties drest!
"My weary age resigns your care,
"Which oft has pleas'd, and oft opprest.

"FAREWELL, thou garden, whence the breeze
"So frequent wafts the rich perfume!
"Rear'd by my hand, farewell, ye trees,
"Which now with autumn's promise bloom!

"AND you, ye natives of the shade,
"Who wave on high the graceful head!
"My hand your tender fibres laid,
"Where now your ample roots are spread.

"THOU mansion simple, yet belov'd,
"Receive thy master's fond farewell!
"Here sweet domestick joys I prov'd;
"Here sorrow bade my bosom swell.

TO

DR. BELL,

On Behalf of Ballitore Spaw.

FROM that sweet vale to Sciénce dear,
That vale which boasts thy name,
High rank'd amidst her fav'rite sons,
To hand her own to fame;

HEAR, while, her injur'd spring beside,
The drooping Naiad mourns,
She claims thy friendly aid,—to thee
Her pensive eye she turns.

IF ever, while these sylvan glades
Thy childish footsteps prest,
The charms of Nature won thy gaze,
And touch'd thy feeling breast:——

IF here the gen'rous seeds were sown,
Which now a shelter spread,
And comfort's balmy dews distil
To sooth the fainting head:——

THEN chase Oblivion's sullen form,
Which long my stream defil'd;
For here of old Hygeia stood,
And sweet thy Goddess smil'd.

So, while disease and pain retire
Far from this favour'd well,
The Naiad, Dryad, and the Muse
Shall join to bless their Bell!

ON THE DEATH OF

LETITIA COLLES,

Aged Six.

WHILE soft regret calls forth the tender tear,
Which falls on sweet Letitia's early bier,
And pensive mem'ry sadly seeks to trace
Th'angelick beauties of her mind and face;——
To the fond throbbings of paternal grief
'Tis Heav'n alone can minister relief.
Yes! Heav'n shall sooth their hearts with anguish prest,
Dry the salt tear, and heal the bleeding breast,
And bid their souls in adoration rise
To him all-good, all-pow'rful, and all-wise,
Who call'd their cherub to her native skies.

TASTE.

OH who is she, whose glances keen
All Nature's charms descry?
Oh who is she, whose graceful mien
Attracts the raptur'd eye?

'Tis Taste; the child whom Genius lov'd
Of all her children best:
Through Dawson-court the nymph has rov'd,
The groves her presence blest.

'Twas she, who o'er the trelliss'd walk
The fragrant woodbine led:
'Twas she, who rang'd each lucid stalk
Along the genial bed.

Amidst these bow'rs, by art uncheck'd,
She fram'd Philocles' cell:
'Twas she these fair alcoves bedeck'd
With ev'ry beauteous shell.

Nor only to the gladden'd eye
Her joys can Taste impart;
But she can calm the swelling sigh,
And sooth the sorr'wing heart.

For oft its mistress in this shade
Has pour'd the silent tear,
While Mem'ry these lov'd forms pourtray'd,
Though lost, for ever dear.

Yet Virtue o'er that blameless breast
Shed soft the healing balm;
The throbs of grief her pow'r confest,
Confest her pow'r to calm.

And Taste she sent to cheer that hour,
Which languor might invade;
Though Nature's vernal songsters pour
Their musick through the glade.

Yet lo! a brighter form we meet,
A form more cherish'd here;
Her voice than sweetest songs more sweet,
Her smile than hope more dear.

Benevolence, to thee 'tis giv'n
With joys of purest kind,
Joys blessing earth, approv'd by Heav'n,
To heal that patient mind.

JOSHUA AND MARY,

The aged Cottagers.

THE cot is humble:—low it lies
Fast by the river's side;
Worn is the thatch, the wind-beat wall
Has lost its snowy pride.

'Tis poor within,—and Sickness there
His deadly arrow shakes;
While by his victim's weary couch
Pale Sorrow weeps and wakes.

YET those who move through lofty halls,
On costly viands fed,
And soft repose their dainty limbs
Upon the downy bed,

MIGHT cast the glance of envy here,
And of their fate complain;
Might envy her, who pining lies
Upon the bed of pain.

For here to soften ev'ry pang
Has filial kindness strove;
And here, unquench'd by age or care,
Glows fond connubial love.

Life's adverse blast had Joshua known,
And felt misfortune's chill:
Yet blest content his cottage cheer'd;
For Mary cheer'd him still.

Nigh fifty years have sped their flight
Since their glad bridal day;
But faithful Love, a spark from Heav'n,
Can never know decay.

But now on Joshua's hoary head
The weight of sorrow fell,
When Mary call'd him to her side,
To speak the sad farewell.

His hand between her trembling hands
With feeble force she press'd;
And on her lip his trembling lip
The kiss of love impress'd.

And when the mourning sire withdrew
Alone to vent his wo,
The daughter's feelings only those
Who feel like her can know.

For deep within her struggling breast
Her sorrows would she hide;
And to her mind, and to her frame,
Indulgence still denied.

Strong are her feelings, yet must these
To stronger duties bend,
Absorb'd in cares to cheer her sire,
Her mother's couch to tend.

The rains descend, the river swells,
Its banks oppose no more;
And Lucy sees the spreading flood
Approach the cottage door.

"Fear not, my mother, in these arms
"I'll bear thee hence away;
"Thy Lucy, thy devoted child,
"Shall be her parent's stay.

" Alas! the night is dark and drear,
" The flood roars wild and wide;
" And these cold wintry blasts shall chill
" Her life's low ebbing tide."

Oh where shall hapless Lucy turn,
From sorrow to remove?——
To Him, who, as a father strikes,
But with a father's love:——

To Him, who, when the elm-tree fell
Beneath the tempest dread,
The mighty ruin turn'd aside,
And spar'd this humble shed:——

To Him, whose all-commanding voice
The winds and waves obey;
Even now behold the floods subside,
And at the threshold stay!———

To Him, who can th' o'erwhelming tide
Of deepest grief restrain;——
To Him, whose mercy now rebukes
The minister of pain.

For when soft hope had ceas'd to cheer,
And all her fate deplor'd;
The fainting matron rais'd her head,
To welcome life restor'd.

Oh then the feelings which illum'd
The sire and daughter's eye!
Those feelings Wealth might envying view,
But Wealth could never buy.

THE

UNJUST CLAIM.

"CEASE, haughty Scotia, and no more
Vaunt of thy Chief, thy Bard of yore.
Fingal the brave, of noble name,
And Ossian, sweetest child of fame,
The Hero, and the voice of song,
To Erin's sainted isle belong."

'TWAS thus the blooming auth'ress spoke,
And her *long tresses* proudly shook.
The brightest maid of Scotia's coast
Heard, not unmov'd, the mighty boast:
Though calm her breast as summer's sea,
It rose, indignant, at the plea;
Though mild as spring her azure eye,
Yet kindling spirit we might spy;
Glow'd her soft cheek with deeper red,
While thus the lovely patriot said:

"DEAR to my heart is Erin's strand;
Fraternal love, and Friendship's band
Attach me to the smiling land.

And bravely have her Heroes bled,
  And sweet her Bards have sung;
Nor envy I th'illustrious dead
  Th'applause of heart or tongue.
But never shall I yield the claim
Of my own Caledonia's fame:
Her Hero, and her Bard of old,
Sweet was the Bard, the Hero bold,
Fingal, the first in gallant fight,
And Ossian, 'midst his darkness bright!
Full many a Chief on Highland hill
These ancient records treasure still;
These records, which so clearly prove
Our title to the names we love.
And oft the weary sons of toil
With native songs their cares beguile;
The songs which mourning Ossian sung,
While sad Malvina's harp was strung.
Fair auth'ress, may just praise be thine,
And fame's own wreath thy brows entwine;
But seek not, as the high reward,
My country's Hero, and my country's Bard!"

ABBY's PARLOUR.

NOW twice twelve years have roll'd along,
Since Abby's parlour claim'd my song;
Then gaily flow'd the artless rhyme,
For I was in my youthful prime,
And will you wonder if the strain
Shall in this channel flow again?
True: Time o'er me his hand has flung;
Yet the soft Muse is ever young:
My spirits and my strength decay;
Yet the blithe Muse is ever gay,
And on this groupe she loves to gaze,
Worthy the songs of former days!

STILL Abby here maintains her place,
Her cordial smile, and courteous grace;
While by her side her daughter dear
Her short'ning day delights to cheer,
And both, with smiles and accents sweet,
These brilliant lads and lasses greet.

FAIR as the snow-drop on the plain,
So fair, so pure, is lovely Jane:

Her beauteous eyes and iv'ry arm,
And mild good-nature's dearer charm
Combin'd, what heart feels not alarm?

THE rose-bud, wet with morning dew,
Fragrant its scent, and bright its hue,
O who that budding rose can see,
Sweet Bessy, and not think on thee?

ELIZA, with her form of grace,
Her wit, and "mind-illumin'd face,"
Bright sparkled here, and by her side,
By virtue as by birth allied,
Her brother sate, with aspect mild,
On whom fair Science gracious smil'd.

AND here two stranger-youths are found:
Where'er *they* tread 'tis classick ground;
The Mantuan reed and Grecian lyre
By turns their ardent bosoms fire;
Yet modest worth, and artless truth
Still more adorn their blooming youth.

AND here my yet unopen'd flow'r,
My Deborah, in this social bow'r,

Charm'd with her privilege, shall find
Examples fit to charm her mind.
While pleas'd I greet the circle dear,
I view them through a trembling tear;
And Mem'ry fain would forms pourtray,
Long sleeping with their kindred clay.
Cease Mem'ry and thy task resign,
This hour, bright hope, this hour be thine,
And long may festive joys round Abby's parlour shine!

B. H. *with his Aunt's Profile.*

CLOS'D are those eyes in endless night,
Those eyes, which sparkled once so bright:
Pale are those lips, whose winning smile
Could grief of half its pangs beguile:
For ever mute that charming tongue,
Where Truth, Persuasion, Pity hung;
Which could, with sweetest grace, impart
The dictates of the purest heart.
Yet ev'n this shadow shall be dear,
Embalm'd by Mem'ry's precious tear,
Long as our lips thy name repeat,
Long as our hearts with life shall beat.

DEAR youth, upon whose glowing breast
This lovely image is imprest
In colours which shall never fade,
Receive, for thou will prize, this shade.

THE PROCESSION.

FROM the vale the procession mov'd silent and slow,
And slowly ascended the hill:
'Tis the maids of the village these honours bestow,
And the rites due to Friendship fulfil.

To deck the green grave where their Ellen is laid,
And her Mary lies low by her side,
They crop the sweet flow'rs of the spring ere they fade,
And Purity's symbols provide.

THE cross borne before by a virgin's fair hands,
And the garland for Innocence meet,
The flow'r-burden'd baskets, the white taper wands,
This scene of mild sorrow complete.

THE scene touch'd the stranger,—and gently she sigh'd,
For compassion was thron'd in her soul;
And down her soft cheek, while the damsels she eyed,
The tears of true tenderness stole.

" And this is a tribute to merit," she said,
" A tribute the heart must approve;
" The living instructed, and honour'd the dead,
" By these duties to Friendship and Love."

Yes, worthy these duties, and worthy thy tear
Was Ellen, who lowly is laid:
With smiles ever ready her parents to cheer,
While her industry lent them its aid.

Retir'd as the vi'let, and fresh as the rose,
While youth's early dawn promis'd gay:
See the tyrant small-pox all his terrors disclose,
And mark this sweet bud for his prey!

While o'er Ellen's couch, where distemper rag'd wi
Little Mary unconscious reclin'd,
Contagion has blasted thy bloom, hapless child,
And both to the dust are consign'd,

Then, ye maidens, who now from the full flowing he
Drop your tears on your lov'd Ellen's grave.
Never let from your view these examples depart
Which her worth and her innocence gave.

ON THE

DEATH OF MY DEAR MOTHER.

GLAD Nature now unfolds her ample breast
To catch the gales of spring, and all around
Is full of life and joy. My sister lov'd,
Raise thy sad eyes, and join the gen'ral smile:
For thou hast watch'd, with more than filial love,
With more than filial care, through the long night,—
Through the drear winter, which obscur'd a mind
Once beaming bright in Reason's purest ray.
But now the morning dawns; the spring returns
To the freed spirit in its native clime:
Yet never more a mother's anxious eye
On us shall turn; no more a mother's lip
Shall pour instruction;—for instruction flow'd
By precept and example from that breast,
Where candour, piety and mercy dwelt.
Her's was the heart for others prompt to feel;
Her's was the hand extended to relieve;
And her's was judgment clear, and taste, combin'd
With honest truth and plain simplicity.

When taste and judgment fell a shapeless wreck,
When that kind hand could deal relief no more,
When consolation and when wisdom dwelt
No longer on that tongue,—yet that dim eye
Oft glisten'd with affection's tender tear,
While fondly turn'd upon the forms she lov'd.
And when, with pitying love and soft regret,
We view'd the gentle smile which frequent play'd
Upon the pallid cheek, ah, who could mourn
That childhood, free from even childhood's cares,
Had lull'd that active spirit to repose!
And grateful Mem'ry on that faded form
Dwelt with respectful eye; while from the lip
Of Poverty the ardent blessings stream'd
On her who sooth'd, who pitied and reliev'd.
The daring band, who bore the steely pikes
Through the once peaceful valley, stain'd with blood,
The armed soldier breathing fierce revenge,—
The midnight robber, bursting ev'ry bar
Which guards domestick quiet,—all rever'd
Virtue enshrin'd in that benignant form.
While life and health and reason yet were her's,
She thankfully the precious gifts enjoy'd.

Still mindful of the solemn close of all,
An easy passage to her place of rest
Was oft implor'd; and O, thou parent dear,
Thy prayer was granted; and thy spotless soul
Without a sigh th'incumb'ring clay resign'd.

TO

A. S. *on his Daughter's Marriage.*

HOW pleasant 'midst our native bow'rs
To pass the quiet day;
And, like our soft and silent stream,
Glide unperceiv'd away!

THOUGH small, my brother, be our stream,
It swells the Barrow's tide;
And many a fertile mead adorns
Its willow-fringed side.

AND though nor rank, nor wealth, nor pow'r
Exalt our humble name,
Yet has it won a nobler meed,
The meed of honest fame!

FROM those fair plains, where Humber flows,
To distant Ballitore,
Our grandsire came—to Science dear,
By Virtue favour'd more.

THEN newly planted were these shades,
The labours Nature bless'd;
And simple Taste the peopling vale
In rural beauty dress'd.

HIS blooming charge, on Griese's banks,
Their blameless tutor led;
And from his ample stores their minds
With fair ideas fed.

THERE Burke, ingenuous, young and gay,
Tripp'd sportive by his side;
And with fond rev'rence, filial love,
His blameless tutor eyed.

'TWAS then true Friendship's sacred band
Combin'd two hearts in one;
And gave the youth a chosen friend,
His tutor's blameless son.

WHAT—though in diff'rent spheres they shone,
This band still held them nigh;
Nor absence, time, nor death prevail'd
To rend that sacred tie!

While Burke in courts and senates blaz'd,
And empire's int'rests weigh'd,
His father's steps our honour'd sire
Trod, in his native shade.

And then, when justly-earn'd repose
His tranquil age obtain'd,
With thee his son, his staff, his hope,
His precious trust remain'd.

Dear was the trust; thou felt it dear;
And many a worthy name,
Form'd by thy fost'ring care, arose
To virtue and to fame.

But who for science—who for worth—
So justly is renown'd,
As that lov'd youth, whose fondest hopes
Thy daughter's hand has crown'd?

Thy daughter,—lovely as the flow'rs
Which form the wreath of spring:
Sweet as the fragrant, fanning gales,
Which life and gladness bring!

MEEK, modest, with retirement's veil
Her mind its treasure hides;
Yet, stedfast as the Polar star,
From duty never slides.

SUCH gift thou gave: that kindred soul
Such gift alone suffic'd;
And to its full extent the boon
That kindred spirit priz'd.

Now with blest omen, gen'rous pair,
Begin your bright career!
The friend's warm wish, the poor man's prayer,
To you is ever near.

WHILE soft on many a parent's breast
Glad expectation plays;
Receive the little, smiling band,
The hope of future days.

AND while you mould the ductile mind,
Enrich'd by Wisdom's lore,
O let yourselves the models be!——
The parent asks no more.

VIEW FROM MOUNT-ANVIL.

STOP, charioteer, and let me gaze awhile;
For Art's and Nature's charms around me smile:
There the broad ocean bids the soul expand;
There, gemm'd with villas, shines the fertile land;
There, wide extended, fair Eblana lies,
Her spires, her domes, in graceful grandeur rise.
Blest be those domes, where Pity fix'd her throne,
Which mild Benevolence has mark'd her own!
Here may the lonely stranger bend his feet,
Nor dread the cold averted glance to meet;
Here modest Want may tell her piteous tale,
No stern repulse bids the sunk cheek turn pale:
While from these ample stores and glowing hearts
Fair Charity the lib'ral aid imparts;
And from her altars purest odours breathe,
Sweeter than all Arabia's gales bequeath.
Long may fair Commerce on those billows ride,
And peace and plenty flow with ev'ry tide;
And to these gen'rous delegates of Heav'n
Th'increasing pow'r of doing good be giv'n!

TO

EDWARD RUSHTON,

OF LIVERPOOL:

On the recovery of his Sight.

WELCOME, to light restor'd, sweet bard!
To faith and patience, deeply tried,
To fortitude, the rich reward
Unerring Heav'n has now supplied.

THY smile fair Nature's smile shall meet,
While glancing round thy raptur'd gaze,
Her well-remember'd charms shall greet,
The theme so frequent of thy lays.

AND thou shalt see the blushing dawn
Bright o'er the swelling hills arise;
And thou shalt see the dewy lawn,
Where ev'ning paints the western skies.

AND thou shalt see thy Mersey's tide
Through fertile vallies gently stray;
And thou shalt see the ocean wide
The wealth of other realms convey.

THOU seest, while joy thrills through thy veins,
Thy gratulating friends draw nigh;
And what the modest tongue restrains
Shall glisten in the speaking eye.

AND thou shalt dwell upon her face,
Whose love has cheer'd thy years of pain;
Thy children's op'ning beauties trace;
And tears shall dim thine eyes again.

IT was at Pity's sacred shrine
The costly sacrifice was made;
Thy precious sight, the spark divine,
Quench'd, while thou lent the wretched aid.

BUT now the film is drawn aside;
Thy heart's fond prayer is granted thee:
Then bless the light, so long denied,
For thou behold'st the negro free!

‡ EDWARD RUSHTON, after having been for more than thirty years excluded from a glimpse of the world, has been, by a successful operation, restored to his sight, which he loft in his youth; when, being on board a Guinea ship, an infectious disorder broke out amongst the Negroes, to whose relief no one would venture but himself. In consequence of this act of humanity, he was seized with an inflammation in his eyes, which terminated in blindness.

ON

Reading Poems by a Lady.

WHILE Melesina wakes the living lyre,
And Truth and Hist'ry guide the moral song,
The raptur'd heart is kindled at her fire,.
And quaffs th'harmonious tide which rolls along.

WEALTH, Beauty, Genius, all combine to pour
Their brilliant gifts upon their fav'rite fair:
Wise was the choice, and happy was the hour,
In which these brilliant gifts united were!

NOT her's the joy to bask in fortune's glow:
Her simple taste from purer springs is fed;
'Tis her's to bid the golden current flow,
Where the bleak wilds of poverty are spread.

SEEK not in courts:—ye shall not find her there;
She prov'd the pomp of courts, and found it vain:
Behold her seated on the rustick chair,
Surrounded by the little, lowly train!

The uncouth accents strike her patient ear,
And oft the tedious task's repeated o'er;
Whilst winning smiles his wond'ring bosom cheer,
The little peasant learns the artless lore.

And whilst the tear of sweet benevolence
Adds tenfold lustre to the radiant eye,
Th'admiring pupil steals the side-long glance,
And grateful feelings prompt th'unconscious sigh.

Thus in her breast ennobling virtues shine,
While meek Humility inhabits there:
Wealth, Beauty, Genius, well may you combine
Your brilliant gifts to grace your fav'rite fair!

ON THE REPORT OF

CHARLEVILLE CASTLE

Having been destroyed by an accidental fire.

AND have the flames destroy'd that pile,
The boast and wonder of our isle,
And laid those splendid chambers waste,
So late the fair abodes of Taste?
While Taste and Genius mourn the fate
Which gave their work so short a date,
Yet pleas'd Humanity shall tell
That not one life a victim fell;
And she, while rose the castle high,
Watch'd o'er the work with anxious eye,
And warded danger; while she spread
Her sacred shield o'er ev'ry head.*

YES, Guardian Genii of the dome,
Still shall ye make these tow'rs your home.
No victim they to ruthless flame;
False is the trump of noisy Fame:
And ever false be each alarm,
Which threats their noble Lord with harm!

* Great care was taken to prevent those employed in the building of the castle from meeting with any accident.

LINES

WRITTEN ON

A JOYFUL EVENT.

YE white cliffs of Albion, which proudly are rearing
Your heads o'er your faithful ally, the rough main,—
Ye green smiling vales of my lov'd native Erin,—
Ye mountains, the haunts of the brave Scottish swain,—
Unite in the joy, while the tidings are telling,
And each honest bosom with rapture is swelling,
For Freedom's bright beam the dire cloud is dispelling,
And her hand breaks asunder the slave's galling chain.

In your palmy recesses no more shall ye tremble,
Ye natives of Africk; nor dread to behold
The man with fair face, who can smile and dissemble,
Then lead you his captives to barter for gold:
Who could hear the deep groans which to Heav'n were ascending,
Who could see the breast heave with deep agonies rending,
Nor feel that the wrath from above is impending,
While his soul the strong fetters of av'rice enfold.

Ye band, of Humanity's rights the defenders,
Your courage, your wisdom, your zeal have been tried;
For Right against Wrong the unwearied contenders,
With Truth, Justice, Mercy, all rank'd on your side.
The blest vict'ry is won; while with gratitude glowing
The glad hearts of thousands your meed is bestowing,
Through your bosoms the stream of sweet peace shall
be flowing:
By the pure spring of conscience that stream is supplied.

ON THE

DEATH OF EDITH L——

See SHIPWRECK, p. 203,

BY R. S.

As deep sequester'd in the sacred cell,
Where visions, raptures, inspirations dwell,
The pious Edith sat, alone, retir'd,
And for her soul the bread of life desir'd;
The bread she sought was granted, with command
To share with others in another land.
Obedient to the word, she cross'd the main;
No tender ties of nature could detain:
Hibernia's isle receiv'd the welcome guest,
And the sweet harbinger of peace confest.
From house to house with holy zeal she sped,
And brake, with hands all clean, the living bread;
Her words to various states of conscience reach'd,
And e'en her solemn silence loudly preach'd.
Faithful she labour'd; and, her service o'er,
Glad was returning to her native shore;
Of self—and all she did—full meanly thought,
And peace and preservation only sought.

Heav'n saw, well-pleas'd, the tenour of her mind,
Meek, modest, humble, patient, and resign'd;
But saw recorded in the book of Fate
What sorrows would her future life await:
He that knows all things knew the time was best
To take her hence to everlasting rest;
Of the frail body let a wreck be made,
But to the port of bliss her soul convey'd.

THE

FATHER

TO HIS

DAUGHTER.

BY THE SAME.

MARY, come, let thee and me
Look about this world, and see
How we may most happy live,
What the purest joy can give;
Where is hid the noblest treasure,
And what life's a life of pleasure:
Pleasure—first in all men's view,
The great object they pursue;
In whose search their lives they spend,
Lose their souls, yet miss their end!

PLEASURE,—where canst thou be found?
Growth of what luxuriant ground?
Where's thy happy haunt?—Oh, where,
Undisturb'd by Grief and Care?

Some in sensual delights,
Festive days, and wanton nights,
Seek to find thee:——all in vain:
They but find remorse and pain.

In Ambition's lofty seat,
And the pomp of worldly state,
Others with aspiring eye,
Thinking thou art thron'd on high,
While they soar with giddy head,
Grasp a phantom in thy stead.

Vers'd in philosophick lore,
The learn'd thy mystick path explore;
With lamp of Science look about,
And vainly hope to find thee out.
Their lamp's false light leads them astray;
Thou shinest in the blaze of day.

The miser dreams that solid pleasure
Is safely lock'd up with his treasure,
And each new guinea which he hoards
New joy and happiness affords;
He opes his chest:—the gold is there:
But pleasure's fled—he knows not where.

Since then, daughter of my love,
All such searches fruitless prove,
Let us hear what Wisdom says;
She can guide in pleasure's ways.
Wisdom cries " Nor sensual joys,
" Nor ambition's glitt'ring toys,
" Nor false learning's swelling pride,
" Nor the wealth which misers hide,
" Solid happiness can bring;
" Since polluted is their spring.
" Let my humble vot'ries know,
" Whence those happy currents flow,
" Which through generations ran,
" Gladd'ning the pure heart of man.

" That's true happiness alone,
" Which proceeds from Heav'n's high throne;
" Water of life, as crystal clear,
" The just in ev'ry age to cheer;
" Calm, uninterrupted joy,
" Without any base alloy;
" Sole, supreme, unmixed good,
" Saints' delight, and Angels' food,
" Earnest of eternal bliss
" In after-life, begun in this."

HERE then, daughter, let us hold:
Thou art young, and I grow old;
Let us both united strive
In all good conscience so to live,
So to keep our vessels clean,
That we may this prize retain.
O may this our cares engage,
Stay to youth and staff of age!
Then true pleasure we shall find,
Centred in a virtuous mind.

ON THE

BIRTH

OF HIS

GRANDSON:

BY THE SAME.

WELCOME be the lovely boy,
His fond parents' hope and joy:
By thy birth what tender ties
All in social order rise!
To the names of Husband, Wife,
Dearest in domestick life,
Thou hast added all these other
Names of Grandsire, Father, Mother,
Aunts and Nephew,—ties that bind
In close union human kind.

WELCOME, beauteous babe! for thee
Hath old age, with tott'ring knee,
Wand'ring in the Muse's bowers,
Stopp'd to cull the fairest flowers;

And, with trembling hand, e'en now
Weaves a garland for thy brow.

Welcome thrice, my darling child!
Sure propitious Heav'n has smil'd
On thy birth; for ev'ry grace
Marks the features of thy face,
Where we both thy parents find,
Ease and dignity combin'd.

Sweetest infant, since thou art
Sent to act in life a part,
While of yet unconscious age,
Ere thou tread the publick stage,
Sunk in balmy slumbers, rest
On thy mother's fragrant breast,
While thy grandsire comes to shed
His best blessings on thy head!

God, before whose awful sight
Thy forefathers walk'd aright,
By his hand all-pow'rful led,
By his gracious bounty fed,
And his guardian-angel still
Watching to preserve from ill,

Bless the lad:—and may the name
Better than all worldly fame,
Sacred name, which qualifies
For admission to the skies,
This new name, O Richard, be
Named evermore on thee!

A PARAPHRASE
ON THE SECOND ELEGY
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF PROPERTIUS.

BY THE SAME.

WHY thus thy locks with studious pains array,
And with a silken robe thy limbs display?
Why to such sweets add sweetness, loveliest maid,
And seek from rich perfumes superfluous aid?
Why Nature's beauties mar with borrow'd pride,
And in the pomp of dress thy graces hide?
Believe me, nothing can those charms improve;
The craft of Art's abhorr'd by naked Love.

SEE what gay colours vest the flow'ry ground,
And ivies spread spontaneous all around!
See how the shrub best in wild caverns grows,
And the pure stream untutor'd winding flows!
The shores, with native painted pebbles gay,
Shine radiant, and lend lustre to the day:
The birds in air their wild notes warbling fly,
And mock the pow'rs of studied harmony!

Not with false ornaments renowned dames,
Of sweetest ancient poets sweetest themes,
Lur'd the first heroes, in old time, to prove
The painful-pleasing blandishments of love:
But, with the force of genuine beauty's sway,
They made the conqu'rors of the world obey.
No glitt'ring gems did their fair forms adorn,
But a bright bloom, fresh as the rosy morn:
Lovers to gain no vulgar arts they tried;
No want of Grace where Virtue beautified!
Each nymph desir'd no more of beauty's praise,
Than just to please the man she wish'd to please.

To such as these my fair one I compare;
In thee their graces all united are.
To thee Apollo grants poetick fire;
To thee the Muse her own melodious lyre;
Pallas and Venus for thy sake combine,
And Wit and Beauty, their best gifts, are thine.

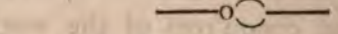
Thus perfect in thy lovely self, complete,
Above the splendour of exterior state,
Perpetual pleasures to my life impart,
And fill with purest joys my grateful heart!

A TRANSLATION

OF PART OF THE

NUPTIAL SONG OF CATULLUS.

BY THE SAME.



As bosom'd in the secret garden grows
The summer's peerless pride, some beauteous rose,
From ev'ry hostile danger fenc'd around,
Safe from the browsing flocks, or ploughshare's wound,
By Sol's kind beams, by genial moisture, fed,
And fann'd by Zephyrs in its fragrant bed:—
Full many a youth, and many a damsel tries,
With fond desire, to gain the precious prize.

See the same flow'r, to some rude hand a prey,
Its fragrance languish, and its bloom decay!
The youth no more, no more the damsel tries,
With fond desire, to gain the precious prize.

Thus dear to all the virtuous maid remains,
While her fair form no foul pollution stains:
But once defil'd, if her's no longer be
The radiant flow'r of sacred chastity;
See her, abhorr'd and shunn'd, no more appear
To youths delightful, nor to damsels dear!

DE ITER FACIENDO NOCTE

●

A D

COALBROOK VALLEM.

Auctore Ricardo Shackleton.

NOCTE, solicitus, lentus, fessus peragebam
Ad vallem Coalbrook, incomitatus, iter.
Vallem despexi tandem de culmine montis,
Mens & inopino capta timore fuit:
Fumosas etenim nubes consurgere vidi,
Formas dæmonicas, flammiferumque polum.
Ferreus hîc stat pons, alter Phlegethonque sub illo
Undis spumosis it, strepitante sono:
Illic tarda palus, ingens, deformis et ulvâ,
Æstuat immundis, Styx velut alter, aquis.

ON TRAVELLING TO

COALBROOK DALE,

IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

BY THE SAME.

TO Coalbrook dale, alone, by night,
I journey'd pensive, slow,
At length from Lincolns-hills' proud height
I view'd the vale below ;———

DREADFUL the view !—in dusky spires,
The smoky columns rise ;
And fiend-like forms stir up the fires,
Which redden all the skies.

LIKE Phlegethon a river pours
Beneath an iron bridge its flood ;
A lake, like Styx, tremendous roars,
Black, baleful, and deform'd with mud.

Audivi sonitus diros, se volvere vidi
Ignem torrentem gurgite flammivomo.
Talibus obstupui monstris, cursumque repressi,
" Heu, certè," clamans, " *Tartarus* hic locus est."
Augescunt animi tandem, properansque petivi
Claram munditiis, hospitioque domum:
Comiter exceptus, & amore refectus Abiæ,
Exclamo gaudens, " Hic locus *Elysium* est."

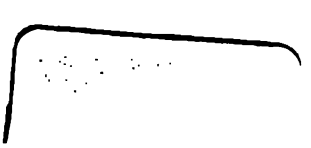
FINIS.

DIRE sounds I heard :—I saw with dread
The fiery surges swell:
Aghast I stopp'd my course, and said,
"Oh, sure this place is Hell!"

AT last recover'd from my fears,
I sought the stately dome,
Where courtesy with kindness cheers,
And strangers find a home.

RECEIV'D, refresh'd, and edified
With social Christian grace,
Beneath Abiah's roof, I cried,
"Sure Heav'n is in this place."

THE END.

E R R A T A.

In Page 34, Line 43, *for* mota *read* motu.
——— 68, —— 516, *in the Latin*, " there should
" no period here, the conte
" is misunderstood."
A. SHACKLETO
——— 77, —— 780, *for* pourtray *read* portray.
——— 111, —— 2, — employ —— employs.
—— 4, — joy —— joys.
——— 135, —— 15, — account —— recount.
——— 151, —— 6, — thrown —— strewn.
——— 158, —— 19, — pregnant —— fragrant.
——— 186, —— 11, — blessing —— blessings.
——— 187, —— 14, — for bled —— bleed.
—— 16, — dead —— deed.
——— 194, —— 19, — maid —— maids.
——— 231, —— 4, — heart —— breast.
In the Ruined Cottage, — Doro —— Dora.
——— 285, —— 7, — torn —— lorn.
——— 291, —— 16, — bears —— leaves.
——— 292, —— 5, — torn —— lorn.
——— 311, —— 11, — cheek —— cheeks.
——— 326, —— 11, — heav'ning —— heav'nly.
——— 383, —— 2, — charm —— form.
——— 395, —— 12, — where —— when.
——— 409, —— 14, — stopp'd —— stoop'd.